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MISS MABEL LOVE AND HER SISTER

From Photo by THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

The Love Family on the Stage

LIFE STORY OF MABEL LOVE.

WRITTEN BY P. H. MACENERY. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ROBERT LLOYD, addressing his poem "The Actor" to his *confrère* and friend, Bonnel Thornton, in referring to the difficulty or rather impossibility of teaching the player's art, writes :—

Acting, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no observance of mechanic laws ;
No settled maxims of a favourite stage,
No rules delivered down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.

Of the doctrines preached to "Dear Thornton," I was very forcibly reminded quite recently when I reflected, not only on the distinguished precocity of Mabel Love, illustrated in her stage exploits as a little girl, a decade since, but also in the fact that she was sent forth from the tutorship of her mother—herself a

very charming young actress during her short career, for she was but eighteen when she left the stage for good, on the occasion of her marriage. Miss Love (Miss Mabel Love's mother), or as she was afterwards better known, Miss Kate Love, a beautiful girl of fourteen summers, made her first appearance under the management of Miss Herbert, at the St. James's Theatre, her part being Melina, in a new drama "A Story of Procida"; Mr. (now Sir) Henry Irving on this occasion (in November, 1867) played Charles Mowbray, the leading rôle, Miss Ada Cavendish also appearing in the same cast. These were days of hard work, many parts following in rapid succession, such as Maria in "The School for Scandal"; Miss Herbert appearing as Lady Teazle, William Farren as Sir Peter

Teazle, Mrs. Frank Matthews and Arthur Sterling being also in the cast. During her brief stage life, Mabel Love's mother appeared successfully and with distinction in many other parts, *inter alia* Francesca Donati in "The Woman in Red"; also at the St. James's Theatre with Madame Celeste as the star, it being the farewell performance of the latter; as Anna Meek in H. T. Craven's "The Needful"; as Lina in the late T. W. Robertson's "Dreams"; at the Gaiety as Adalyisa in "Linda of Chamouni," and as Donna Laura in "Donna Diana." The evidence of Mabel Love's "hereditary skill" is however of a still older but not less tenable character. Her maternal grandfather, Mr. William Edward Love, was in his time a very famous entertainer. He was a very versatile character—a polyphonist and ventriloquist of world-wide repute—who besides writing most of his own plays, etc., acted in them in London, at one time for over three thousand nights, with uninterrupted success, and then travelled nearly all over the world, giving his entertainments in several different languages. Miss Love possesses many interesting memorials of her grandfather, including a volume entitled: "Programme of the entertainment preceded by memoirs of Mr. Love, the Dramatic Polyphonist; Remarks on Single-handed entertainments and modern innovations; Anecdotes of eminent Bygone Professors; an explanation of the Phenomena of Polyphony, etc., being Mr. Love's improvement in point of distance, power, number of voices and variety of expression on the Art of the Ventriloquist, in which the errors of writers on the subject and the impositions practised on the public by pretended teachers and lecturers on the talent, are clearly pointed out." The volume is written by George Smith, from whom we learn many interesting anecdotes of Miss Love's grandfather, whose powers as a ventriloquist were evidenced and recognised ere he had yet reached his teens. Many of his school-pranks are recorded, including that incident, trifling as it was, which gave his mind its first bias towards the study of the amusing accomplishment in which he in after

years attained such very considerable proficiency. On one occasion, Love and his school-fellows plotted an invasion of an orchard owned by their teacher. "Our future Polyphonist," Mr. Smith writes, "led the van, as was generally the case in similar expeditions, and consequently got his pockets filled before his comrades who were keeping a good look-out to prevent a surprise. It was now his turn to take the post of sentry. He accordingly stationed himself at the top of the ladder, but instead of doing the duty of faithful sentinel—finding his own end served—he, by a sudden and unpremeditated effort, imitated in the most exact manner, the voice of the enraged preceptor below; which artifice completely succeeded in deceiving the conscience-stricken delinquents above. A retreat was sounded! Their well-filled hats were immediately emptied upon the heap from which the contents had been taken; and the window of the loft, which stood invitingly open, afforded the scamperers the means of egress, from which they jumped upon a friendly haystack and into the yard: whilst our juvenile Polyphonist, exulting in the success of this his first vocal experiment, descended at his leisure by the less speedy but safer way of the ladder."

Another incident, which occurred a few days later, still further demonstrated the bent of Love's genius. Whilst amusing his school *confrères* near the well which supplied the house with water, he on a sudden caused them to believe that some unfortunate being had fallen in. "The stifled cries and groans of one in jeopardy were heard. The by-standers on devising some benevolent and hasty scheme for the extrication of the unfortunate, were more than a little astonished on being told in a sepulchral voice—which came from nobody knew who, or where—to go home and attend to their own affairs, and not trouble their heads with what did not concern them." Love afterwards became the foremost polyphonist in Europe, the extraordinary combination of physical energy, dramatic illusion, vocal skill and mental activity, evinced by him in the rendering of many celebrated colloquies being the

subject of remark in many scientific works and philosophical treatises published not only in England, but in Germany, France and Italy.

With Mabel Love's grandfather and mother attaining such success in early life and her own youthful and brilliant career before us, we have incontestable proof of the truth of the assertion that consummate art in acting is the outcome, not of experience or acquired knowledge and attitude, but of *inherent talent*—though I believe the assertion, amongst some, will raise a supercilious smile.

We know that it is the player's province to represent the passions of the art of acting. Aaron Hill, who laboured to reduce that art to as simple a system as possible, has enumerated these as ten in number. The occasions are very rare where any one actor or actress has been successful in rendering any more than a few of these well-defined passions, throughout the run of an ordinary stage life. Some of the passions come out in bold relief in comedy, some in pantomime, in tragedy, drama and burlesque; and as is well known the most successful and illustrious figures on our stage have signalised themselves solely by the representation of one, or at most, two of these passions, and by solely confining their labours to one branch of the profession. Indeed few actors and fewer actresses have distinguished themselves in more than one branch. Mabel Love is a signal exception. She has figured in almost every phase of stage life save tragedy; in comedy, in burlesque, pantomime, in grand opera (at Covent Garden), in drama and high comedy, and possibly has represented more of

these passions than any other artiste of her years. Hers is indeed a remarkable record of shining versatility, enhanced and magnified in our minds when we regard the youthfulness of the performer. Some shrewd critics would say, that if she had taken any one of these parts only, and bestowed her undivided



MABEL LOVE, AGED THREE, RESTING ON HER MOTHER'S SHOULDER

From Photo by DENENLAIN & BLAKE

attention on it, that she would ere now have attained a very high pitch of fame in her chosen branch. But Miss Love herself does not view the matter in the same pessimistic or despondent light. She is rather inclined to feel thankful for and proud of the variety and diversity of her parts, considering that the vast

range over which she has roamed has been productive of intrinsic instruction and experience, which is likely to prove very useful for the future. We have illimitable evidence to justify the wisdom of "the rolling stone gathering no moss" theory. Ellen Terry, so far back as 1858, nailed her colours to the Shakespearian mast of drama, and her lealty and tenacity to it have been winning her golden laurels and the highest acclamations ever since. Her sustained attachment to the burlesque boards established Lydia Thompson's character as the burlesque queen of the age. No one could imagine the rare and radiant Ada Rehan creating such sensations as she has in her *Rosalind* and as *Katherine* in "The Taming of the Shrew" in a part in burlesque or pantomime. With these facts present to our minds, we can have very little reluctance or hesitation in conceding the view that the actress who, in her comparatively brief career, so far, has been perennially invading "fresh fields and pastures new" and signalling herself in each and all, who has won very enviable notices from our eminent critics in such diverse parts as the *Rose*, of "*Alice in Wonderland*," the *Elf Sunbeam*, in the pantomime of "*Jack and the Bean Stalk*," *Princess Allfair*, *Maid Marion*, *Red Riding-hood*, *Cinderella*; the *Ingénue* in "*The other Fellow*," *Winifred*, in "*Mama*," *la Comtesse*, in "*A Marriage of Convenience*," *Constance*, in the "*Musketeers*," and so on *ad infinitum*, is a personality of more than ordinary resource and talent.

Students of theatrical topics know that in the requirements of early training for the stage, different authorities have given very different and very irreconcilable opinions. The author of a valuable work, the "*Thespian Preceptor*," published early in the century, and specially designed to serve candidates for the sock and buskin, holds that "an appropriate education," is the first essential of the aspirant. Lloyd seems to differ from this, and asserts that

The players' province they but vainly try
Who want these powers—Deportment,
Voice and Eye.

I have already dimly referred to Miss

Love's early training and education, and dealing with Lloyd's versified dictum, London theatre-goers will readily call to mind that she is at least gifted in a rare degree with the first, and third of these powers, a conviction they have often boisterously recorded at the Strand, Criterion, Lyric, etc., while her most recent success as *Constance* in "*The Musketeers*," leaves no room for doubt as to the pliability of her voice. So far Miss Love could have fully satisfied the author of "*The Actor*." Unfortunately we have too many figures on the British stage who cannot satisfy the disciples of the "*Thespian Preceptor's*" theory on having received an appropriate training and thorough early education. Mabel Love has been more fortunate; for though during her childhood she received invaluable tuition from her mother, as soon as she went on the stage professionally, she was placed by the latter in the excellent hands of Miss Carlotta Le Clerq, with whom she remained for two or three years, studying the lighter Shakespearian rôles, comedy parts, and many recitations. At the same time, she studied and practised her dancing with Mr. John d'Auban, probably the greatest dancing master of our time.

She made her *début* as a child in the original production of "*Alice in Wonderland*," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, at Christmas 1886-1887, playing the part of the *Rose*, and understudying *Alice*. Some people imagine that Miss Love made her *début* as a Gaiety girl, and rose from the chorus. This is not so, though the well-known *danseuse* will now very sensibly tell you that, even if she did, she should not be ashamed of it. But she has only appeared in one piece at the Gaiety in her life, namely, when she was in between ages, as she expresses it, that is to say, when she had outgrown children's parts, but could not make herself look old enough to be grown up, if she tried ever so hard. This was in "*Faust up-to-date*," and she played the pretty part of the brave little *Vivandière*.

After the Prince of Wales's followed an engagement with Miss Kate Vaughan to play one of the Triplet children in "*Masks and Faces*" at the Opera

Comique. In this production, Miss Gwynne (Mrs. George Edwardes) appeared as Mabel Vane, Mr. Forbes Robertson as Charles Pomander, Mr. Lewis Waller as Ernest Vane, and Mr. James Fernandez as Triplet. Miss Love created a very favourable impression here, but not nearly as abiding as in her next part, playing the Elf Sunbeam in the pantomime of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," at the Covent Garden Theatre. This was at Christmas 1887-1888, and in the ensuing autumn, she comes still more prominently into view, when she appeared at the Gaiety in "Faust up-to-date." This ran for about a year. I pass over without comment her appearance at the Prince's, Manchester, in the Christmas of 1889-90, in order to at once introduce that part by which she literally sprang with a bound into the public favour. This was in the spring of 1890, when she played Polly in "The Harbour Lights," with the late Mr. William Terriss. Here she introduced her first dance—a country dance. Some would say that she then entered too seriously into her display of the terpsichorean art, but the enthusiastic receptions accorded to her by intelligent and discerning audiences discount the view of this limited minority. Certain it is that that air of abandon which acts like a magnet to the British temperament was in evidence in the execution of her dancing. The results, so far as Miss Love herself was directly concerned, were unmistakably flattering, for after an immediate engagement of a year to dance in "La Cigale," at the Lyric Theatre, we find her in the Christmas of 1891-1892, engaged by Sir Augustus Harris as principal dancer at Drury Lane, in the pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty," and as understudy for the principal girl, whose part she had an opportunity of playing during the run. As a result she received a congratulatory letter from the late Sir Augustus Harris, of which we give a facsimile reproduction. Immediately after, she was re-engaged by him to play principal girl at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, for the following Christmas, and during the ensuing summer, appeared as principal dancer in several of his Grand Operas at Covent



MAHEL LOVE AT THE AGE OF NINE

From Photo by GOODMAN, Margate

Garden. In 1893, Miss Love had attained quite a famous name as an incomparable dancer, and during the year recorded a display of energy which is scarcely rivalled. Having toured in the spring with Mr. Arthur Roberts in "A Modern Don Quixote," the piece was afterwards reproduced very successfully at the Strand Theatre. Here each of Miss Love's three solo dances was rapturously encored nightly. Finishing this engagement on a Saturday evening, she appeared the following Monday as principal dancer in "La Mascotte," at the Criterion Theatre, gaining always a double encore for her brilliant "Tarentella." It is superfluous to go through the Litany of successes which immediately followed, but there are a few in a big list which are worthy of note, one being a short comedy engagement, in which she took up a part vacated by Miss Ellaline Terriss in "The Other Fellow." We also pass over her appearance at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, and her

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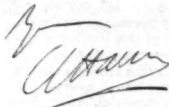
20 Jan 1892

My dear Mr. Phelps

I am told you
went on for Alfie & Ed
splendidly at a short notice
to.

I am very pleased
& congratulate you.

Yours



fulfilment of a three months' engagement to dance in Paris. In the autumn of 1895, she went to America with Mr. George Edwardes' "His Excellency" Company. Although originally engaged for one month, such was the measure of favour with which the American public regarded her, that Mr. Edwardes found it necessary to re-engage her for five additional months. Ten days after her return to England, with characteristic buoyancy and energy she was again at work as Phœbe, the heroine in "Lord Tom Noddy," on tour, appearing in the same part when it was produced at the Garrick, London, in the autumn of 1896.

In the chief cities of the United Kingdom, excluding London, Miss Love has achieved many singular and enviable triumphs. One of these was on the

occasion of her appearance at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, in 1897, in Mr. Sydney Grundy's "A Marriage of Convenience." The Irish capital is proverbial for its clever and brilliant journalists, and not less so for its able and discerning theatrical critics. These critics and journalists very often strike discordant and divergent notes, and hence it is with satisfaction that one turns to the judgment of these authorities on Miss Love's *début* there in comedy. The *Freeman's Journal* (whose well-known critic, Mr. J. B. Hall, recently scored a remarkable journalistic triumph in his assertion of the right of the Press to be, if necessary, critical and analytic on theatrical topics) describes the warm welcome accorded to this young actress on the Dublin stage, in what one might call her appearance in true comedy. We are assured

from this source, that her performance of the part of Comtesse de Caudale was the most pleasing to the audience. The *Daily Independent*, in asserting the evidence of marked ability in Miss Love's new rôle, writes :

"She has a charming sense of comedy, and with a little more experience will make as good a name in drama as she has in already earned in quite a different class of entertainment." The staid and sober Hibernian brother of the "Thunderer," the *Irish Times*, having pronounced the performance one of the best that has ever been seen in the Gaiety, goes on to say that "Miss Mabel Love, who undertakes the rôle of the heroine, achieves a success that should flatter a very much more ambitious actress. Could she succeed in controlling her voice, she should, in the highest class of comedy, win the applause of the city which witnessed the first efforts of the immortal Peg Woffington. Those who had known Miss Love merely as a very graceful *danseuse*, must have been agreeably surprised at the engaging talent for classical comedy which she last night developed. In company with Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Florence West, she contrived one of those performances that made the literary student once again in love with the play, and the theatre-goer once again in love with the theatre." The verdict, unanimous and eulogistic, of this trio in "Dublin's Fair City" is significant, and is not by any means to be diminished because of the extraordinary aberration, and hopeless disagreement of those thinkers and writers quite recently, on the matter of a would-be Irish Literary Theatre.

In Edinburgh her acting of "The Comtesse" also attracted attention, as may be inferred from the following excerpt from the *Scotsman* : — "The two leading rôles were delightfully played by Miss Mabel Love and Mr. Lewis Waller. Mr. Grundy did Miss Love the compliment of specially selecting her for the rôle of 'Comtesse de Caudal,' and the lady did credit to her part. This style of

comedy, with its grand airs and elaborate posturings, suits her admirably. . . . She was charming in the rôle. Dowered with many personal attractions, possessed of a carefully-attuned voice, and graceful in action, Miss Love looked, in her handsome French gowns, the youthful 'Comtesse' to perfection."

In Miss Love's studio the visitor receives many evidences of the *camaraderie* and cordial feelings which unite the members of this profession. We see photographs of all the leading actors and actresses of the day presented to Miss Love with kindly and warm inscriptions. Mrs. Tree's portrait is given "To dear Mabel Love from Maud Beerbohm Tree." Mr. Arthur Bouchier sends his portrait "To Madame le Comtesse from M. le Comte." Mr. Horace Sedger sends his photo "with all appreciation." Violet Vanbrugh "with all good wishes." Another portrait of interest is presented "with best wishes to our sweet little Vivandière from Ellaline Terriss," and is dated December 25th, 1895. Last, but not least, in Miss Love's study, one cannot avoid noticing in prominent relief, a portrait of Ellen Terry, with an affectionate inscription written in her own handwriting and signed by the Lyceum Queen in New York, in 1895. In private life and in her home near Victoria station, you meet the genuine young woman of the world—a bright, ready, and sparkling conversationalist; speaking well-balanced antithetical prose, witty and pleasant, without affectation or adornment. There, in her attractive and cosy studio, you obtain some dim and partial conception of the source of Mabel Love's immense popularity, and of that exquisite talent which you feel should never decay; of the reason why in the declining eighties the advent of the young and charming actress, gifted with a true, if as yet immature talent, was hailed as a God-send, both to the theatre and the public, who received her with marked favour, and stimulated by their applause her persevering efforts to deserve it.

The Romance of Canvas-Jobbing

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED E. KNIGHT.



HE literary hack who works for publishers is a familiar character; but, perhaps, the artistic hack who works for picture-dealers is not so well known. The dealers' hack may be either a young artist with little money, or an old artist with little brains, or an artist of indifferent age, with a regrettable past. He sometimes lives in rooms over the dealer's shop, but more often occupies lodgings in one or another of the shabby off-streets of the Euston and Hampstead Roads. He smokes, drinks, reads French novels and the *Petit Rivre*, seldom marries, and is usually five or six weeks in arrears with rent. A Bohemian of the Bohemians, his occupation is colloquially known as "canvas-jobbing."

The nature of a canvas-jobber's work is multifarious. Copying old pictures, improving new ones, painting in and painting out on canvases of all ages and descriptions, and occasionally producing original work of the superior "pot-boiler" class. He is paid "by the piece"—sometimes liberally paid. For adding a tear-drop to the sad eyes of a Madonna he may get half-a-crown; for painting a medal or other decoration on an officer's uniform in an ancestral portrait, five shillings; for lessening the dimensions of a lady's mouth (a delicate task), as much as seven-and-sixpence. Should the picture be a landscape, the facile brush may be required to supply a cow or cottage, a tree or rustic figure; if a marine picture, a boat, buoy, or anchor may be needed; if an architectural scene, some masses of shadow to give breadth and unity to

the whole. For touching in details of this description the prices of necessity vary, both the quantity and quality of the work having to be taken into account. I have known a dealer pay as much as twenty-five pounds to an experienced hack for putting a small group of cows into the foreground of a Dutch landscape. But then the artist spent nearly three weeks upon the group, and the picture afterwards fetched 630 guineas as an original Cuyp.

Although canvas-jobbers, on the whole, lead unobtrusive lives, they occasionally become the depositaries of some strange secrets. For there are art-dealers and art-dealers, and all of that ilk are not the paragons of perfection which a trusting public suppose them to be. It is no secret, indeed, that some of these gentlemen have seen the inside of Black Maria, and have known what it is to live in compulsory retirement for months together at the nation's expense. The artists who work for them are well aware of these facts—nay, occasionally become partakers in their evil deeds, though in a purblind fashion, and without criminality of intent.

Here is a case in point. An English peer (whose name, for obvious reasons, is withheld) had in his possession a very fine Rubens, painted on panel, which he took to an art-dealer's to be restored. He had heard of the tricks played upon the owners of valuable paintings by unscrupulous restorers, and particularly of their artfulness in faking up what are known as "changelings" (*s.e.*, skilful copies of the originals, which are foisted upon the unsuspecting owners



A CANVAS-JOBBER

Within five weeks the copy was finished, and the artist was rioting on the proceeds of his labour. In another week the nobleman was showing what he called his "renovated Rubens" to a friend, and expatiating with enthusiasm on the skill with which the restorer had done his work. "Not a seal was broken," he added; for his friend had been present when the precautionary measures were taken.

The following summer a wealthy American, on a visit to this country, spent a week at the nobleman's mansion. "Ah," said he, as he was being shown through the picture gallery, "I see you have a copy of my Rubens. Fine copy, too."

"Pardon me—not a copy," returned his lordship with smiling courtesy. "The picture has been in the possession of my family for two centuries."

The American was startled. "Strange," he said; "my Rubens is undoubtedly old, too, for I was careful to get an expert's opinion before purchasing. Besides, I have the pedigree. M——, who sold me the picture——"

"M—— sold you the picture, did he?" repeated his lordship. "It was he who had my picture to restore last autumn."

The American became thoughtful. Facts were leaking out. "Seems pretty clear that one of us has been fooled," he said. "Three thousand pounds was the price I paid for my Rubens. This must be looked into." After weighing the matter for a few moments, he added: "Guess we shall have to find out, first of all, which of us has got the copy."

His lordship explained that he had sealed the back of his picture, and that the seals were unbroken when the picture was returned to him.

The American did not give such weight to this fact as his friend had expected. He remembered the very definite pronouncement of the expert, on whose judgment he placed great reliance. Then an idea occurred to him. "Your Rubens is a panel painting, my lord?" he said, interrogatively.

"Certainly."

"Is the panel a thick or a thin one?"

"A fairly thick one, I should say.

in lieu of their own works); so, to render the perpetration of such a fraud impossible, the nobleman affixed a number of seals to the back of the panel before sending it away.

On the very day that the dealer received the picture he handed it over—not to a restorer, but—to a canvas-jobber, whom he kept on the premises—a clever, boozy fellow, and one of the best copyists in the country.

"Can you let me have a perfect copy of this in five weeks from to-day?" asked the dealer. He was a stooped, old-fashioned little man, who affected the costume of a bygone generation.

The artist, who had a briarwood pipe between his teeth, answered off-handedly, "For how much?"

"Twenty-five pounds."

"No; I couldn't."

"Guineas, then?"

"Nor guineas."

"For how much could you do it?"

"Forty pounds—and cheap at that."

The dealer hesitated. "You shall have the job," he then said.

Would you care to examine it out of the frame?"

"That's a suggestion! I should."

The picture was removed from the frame, and the American examined it closely—*not at the back, but along the edges*. Presently he gave a satisfied whistle. "You've got some smart ones this side of the Atlantic," he said, admiringly. "Look at that!"

His lordship looked, and instantly reddened to the roots of his hair. He had been victimised after all. Spite of

whole, he may be said to have got off very lightly.

Not infrequently, the canvas-jobber is called upon to act in the capacity of critical adviser to his patron, who, though a dealer in pictures, may yet have but a poor knowledge of art. It has been said that a life passed among paintings does not necessarily make a critic, else might the policeman in the National Gallery assert himself; and the remark is as true of the art-dealer as of the critic.



A CLEVER BOOZY FELLOW

his precautionary measures the picture was a copy. The panel had been sawn through in transverse section, and the sealed back had been affixed to the canvas-jobber's replica. To perfect the deception the copy had been made on a specially thin panel.

And the upshot of this singular fraud was this: The American returned the original Rubens to his noble friend, who presented him in turn with the copy. The fraudulent dealer refunded the three thousand pounds, and, on condition that the affair was hushed up, presented a further five hundred pounds to a well-known charity, a proceeding which greatly mystified his brother-dealers when they heard of it. On the

One of the cleverest canvas-jobbers I ever met was frequently consulted in this way. The poor fellow helped to build up many a fortune for others while he was ruining his own; for the brandy devil got hold of him, and he drank himself into his grave. On one occasion he came to me in high feather, fluttering a banker's cheque in his hand. "That's a good morning's work," he said. The cheque was for a hundred guineas.

His story was this: A dealer had come to him with a picture for which the owner wanted five pounds. It was the portrait of a lady, and as the face was pretty and there was an R in the corner of the canvas, the dealer had

jumped to the conclusion that the lady was Lady Hamilton, and the painter Romney.

H—— looked at the picture, and quickly perceived that it was a fine example of a greater than the Lancashire portraitist—in fact, a genuine Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Now H——," said the dealer, "wot d'you think? That's a Romney right enough—ain't it?"

H—— tossed the picture on to a chair as a thing of naught. "No," he said, with a contemptuous shrug, "it's not a Romney."

The dealer's jaw fell. "'Ow d'you know that?" he enquired.

"By looking at the signature—that's how. Romney never signed that canvas. And the portrait is no more a Lady Hamilton than you are."

"It's a good job I haven't bought the picture," said the dealer, after ruminating a little, and he wiped his forehead. "Look 'ere, H——," he went on, "I've got to catch a train at Baker Street. There's the man's address, and there's 'alf a dollar for the moon you put into that 'arvest picture. He lives close by where you go to dinner, and if you'll hand it back to 'im, I'll ——"

Well, he made some sort of vague promise of favours to come, so H—— pocketed the price of the harvest moon, and borrowing a fiver from a brother-jobber, went straight to the owner and bought the picture for himself. Then he flew off with it in a cab to the Hay-market, and sold it that same morning to Graves or Colnaghi, or one of the big art publishers—I don't remember which—for one hundred guineas.

He afterwards informed the dealer of the good fortune he had had, and the man almost went mad with rage. "My reason for letting out the secret was this," H—— explained, "The fellow's a consummate cad. When doing a deal for a picture he beats the poor devil down in his price till he gets it for the value of the dirt behind the wedges, and then, after making five hundred per cent. on the picture, he goes back to the original owner and narrates the facts. Here's a thing that happened only last year. A tradesman in C——, on the verge of bankruptcy, had in his possession a large

and vigorously painted water-colour by Cattermole. He got hold of it through his wife, who comes of a good family, and, I believe, is distantly related to the artist. Well, our Shylock got scent of the picture, and also of the man's embarrassed circumstances; and what did he do but go to the shop and badger the poor wretch till he secured the treasure for two guineas! A week or so later he sold it for two hundred and seventy guineas! Then, true to his infernal practice, he went straight back to the tradesman.

"'About that pictur' of yours, mister," he said. 'Wot d'you think I've made out of it?'

"'God knows!' said the man desperately. 'I don't want to hear.'

"'Two-'undred-and-seventy guineas!'

"The man reeled as though he had been stabbed. 'Say that again,' he said in a shivering voice.



"'THAT'S A ROMNEY RIGHT ENOUGH, AIN'T IT?'"

" 'Two-'undred-and-seventy guineas,' said the dealer, his fat face creasing into smiles.

" 'Have you come to offer me a share of the profits?' the man asked, a trifle huskily.

" 'To offer you a share of the profits! You *are* funny! No; I on'y looked in to tell you. Thought you'd be interested. Change in the weather, ain't there? Well—good artemoon.'

"The fellow was about to leave the shop when the tradesman called him back. 'Just wait while I go round to the back for a minute,' he said, and stepped back into the shop parlour.

"The dealer waited, and soon enough the poor fellow returned. 'Here's what you've done for me,' he said simply, and putting a revolver to his mouth, shot himself dead."



NORTHUMBRIAN TYPE



SEMITIC TYPE

TYPICAL HEADS OF SMALL DEALERS.





WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS



HE crack and grumble of the band had blared into silence, for it was very late, and the circus in the main tent was over.

A few cowboys and bartenders still lingered talking to the officials of the show: but men were going about with battered brass extinguishers on the end of long thin poles, painted red and white—like barbers' poles—extinguishing the kerosene lamps, which hung from the copper brailing-pins above.

In the menagerie tent, a huge erection of brown Pulamite sack-canvas which opened out of the central building, stood the forge, with its glowing braziers and litter of pincers, the red light playing upon the long aluminium hammers that American circus smiths use. Round about the warmth, although it was very hot, stood several of the staff, drinking rye whisky from a bottle which stood upon the fore-peak of an anvil. The tent resounded with savage vibrations from the lion cages. The fretting of mangy wolves and jackals, restless in the pain of their captivity, mingled

with the trumpet-rumble of the elephants who stood among the straw at the end of the place. Their brown figures rocked to and fro unceasingly.

Close to the group of men, a brown bear, with little pig-like eyes, paced regularly round its small and dirty cage, and the soft sound of its pads could be distinctly heard amid all the tumult of the prisoners, who year by year yelped away their miserable lives.

The travelling circus and show of George Zachary, who in his day had been a "bruiser" of repute, held first place in the Western States of America. Zachary himself, a ponderous, evil-minded old fellow, was still popular with all the rascaldom of the West, from Seattle city to the Golden Gate. His circus and menagerie, with its magnificent animals, its clever riders and beast-tamers, its unrivalled collection of living travesties of the human form, was the great annual pleasure of half a hundred boom cities. His performers were known by name to every one; his own personality, as he drove about in his buggy, with its silver-plated wheels, was herald of greater joys than the advent of a rich candidate for the State Legislature, and many a young rancher in these maidless wilds felt his heart



"A PONDEROUS, EVIL-MINDED OLD FELLOW"

expand with excitement when he thought of the pretty circus girls who followed in the great Zachary's train.

The show had just arrived in Heron, a large agricultural centre, not far from Spanish Peaks. For three days the cumbrous wagons and caravans had poured into the town, and disappeared inside the high enclosure of brarah-wood which had been built for them. Three days before, the watchers had caught the first sight of the elephants coming far away through the plains of roil grass. An army of rough saddle-coloured men had been busy building the central rotunda, and painting it in great streaks of white and crimson, which shrivelled

and blistered in the fierce sun. All the next day the anxious people of the town had seen the huge tents rise up above the fence, had heard the muffled noise of strange beasts, and noted with growing excitement the hum and rattle of the workmen, the busy activity of the encampment, and all the stir and movement of a great company. Then old Zachary, in his precious buggy, drawn by two grey St. Paul stallions, had driven about the town, and shown himself in the liquor saloons, his fat hands blazing with rings. He had told of some new attractions since last year—a pretty girl, who did flying trapeze acts, a Bean-faced Man with no ears, and a yellow creature from Penang of unmentionable deformity.

Intense interest was excited in the town, and on that evening the show had been crowded with people, a hot sweltering mass, who pushed and shouted and sang, till the animals had been excited to frenzy by the heat and clamour, and the whole staff of the show, from Zachary in his office to the stable-lads and negro grooms, were utterly tired out.

Now the long day's work was over, and they were all preparing to rest, and almost every one was seeking sleep but the little group around the forge. The bandmen were putting away their instruments in the box seats on which they sat; the circus horses were being rubbed down in the stables; and inside the menagerie tent the engineer was raking out the fire of the engine attached to the automatic organ, which all day long mingled its mechanical music with the complaints of the animals.

The men who were standing round the forge were the heads of the various departments. There was the keeper of the elephants and camels, the keeper of the caged beasts, the stud groom, the smith, who was also the veterinary surgeon, the transport-master, the band-master, and the head clerk and business man, whose duty it was to make all the advertising arrangements. They were all lean, hard-featured men, with long hair and sombrero hats. All of them carried small nickel-plated revolvers in their belts, and their speech was the speech of the bar and gambling-saloon.

One might have imagined the knot of men to be bandits plotting in the dim red light of the forge, where bars of iron were being kept at a white heat in case of a disturbance among the animals. The whole scene was Rembrandtesque, if one may say that a painter can create an atmosphere, and the shadowy animals all round added to it something incalculably grotesque. The men were waiting for Zachary and his son, who should give them their orders for the next day.

Presently the father and the son came towards the forge from the ring. George Zachary, the elder, was a large, fattish man, with shrewd, black eyes, and features which had been beaten out of shape in many wild fights. His son Maxwell was a florid young man full of blood, and with a sticky, purple complexion. He had dull grey eyes, reddish under the rims, and they were set very deeply in his head. He was a cruel-visaged creature and his voice was like the bellowing of a brazen bull.

The two men came slowly up the tent talking together. When they reached the group of subordinates and began to give them their orders, there could be no doubt that they had a thorough grip of their work, and were men cut out to organise and command. The old man made his points quietly and quickly, emphasising them with many admonitory wags of his forefinger. There were directions as to forage, the supply of meat for the carnivora, the hours of performances, the advisability of a procession of clowns and camels through the town, all the technical details of a vast and cumbrous organisation. The old man, a veritable Napoleon of the ring, seemed on excellent terms with his men, as he stood helping out his memory by a scrap of paper in his hand.

Whenever he made a joke or flung a ribald witticism among them, his son Maxwell gave a sudden bark of laughter, and rattled the money in his pockets.

This young man, one saw, had no emotions but the elemental desires and fears of the simple animal. Some characteristics from many of the animals about him seemed to have passed into him. There was something relentless

and cruel in his aspect. It is exceedingly difficult to judge such a man. To say that his training and environment inevitably predestined him to cruelty, would be to deny that man is above his servants, the beasts, and can ever conquer his lower self. Yet, on the other hand, many of this man's brutalities were committed through ignorance and an utter lack of that half-memory which we call imagination. The soft clay of his brain was moulded by the lusts and impulses of the moment into the shape his passions desired. It is certain that, whatever the mainspring of his actions, Maxwell was a vulgar-minded rascal with an astonishing and almost physical delight in sheer devilish cruelty. No Spanish village boy burning live sparrows in an earthen pot was so callous a wretch as he, and this man, with the red of the sun-strength on his cheeks, had a morose delight in the pain of others, the shameful lust of a Nero, without the excuse of Nero's madness.

The old man, his father, was a hard and sensual rogue, without a care for any one but himself, and as greedy and unsavoury a rascal as ever shamed white hairs, but he was not an unnecessarily cruel man. The rough showmen were intelligences without pity, and hardened to suffering, but they did not take the pain of others as a sweet morsel in the mouth, a gleeful spectacle to gloat upon. In all that crowd of cosmopolitan black-guardism no one was so bad as the younger Zachary. It was visible in his eyes and hands, for this roughly-moulded, ungraceful man had fingers of great length, white fingers with corded knots, which gave them a certain resemblance to the claws of a preying beast.

He stood by his father for some minutes, waiting till all the directions had been given to the men, and then, turning, the two went out across the yard into a wooden bungalow, which had been run up for their accommodation, and in a room of which supper awaited them.

"The takings were forty dollars more than last time we opened," said Zachary, as they sat to the meal. "We shall have a fat month. All the sheep boys are in this town with their wages, and every holy boy of the lot 'll come

round each night. I've fixed up the 'Sentinel' with a box and lush free for the staff and their women, when they come in, and the boss is doing an article on the freaks. I saw a proof to-day in Olancho's saloon—all about the 'Whatisit', and the Malay, and the Bean-faced Man. It'll wake the married women up, they like those blamed freaks, frightens them, and is as good as a dram. Oh, now I think of it, send a nigger to wash that 'Whatisit'; it's impossible to keep the little hog clean. I don't care what it's like in its cage at night, but I am not going to have it showing on the platform like it's been lately—enough to make you sick; nasty little brute."

"I will," said Maxwell, "first thing to-morrow; and that reminds me about that blasted dwarf; he said when we were leaving Denver, that the first chance he'd got he'd claim his freedom and be off. It doesn't matter here, because they'd laugh at him, but there's lots of places where there would be a big row if people knew."

Zachary swore violently, and banged the table with his fist, the diamonds on his fingers sending out rapid scintillations of light which seemed as if they had been struck out of the wood by the impact of the blow. "Frighten the swine out of his life," he shouted; "half-kill him if you like. I bought that dwarf from Dr. Cunliffe for two hundred dollars—he used to use him to wash out his bottles—and he's the best dwarf in the States. I wouldn't lose him for double the money; he's one of our big draws. I could get twenty dwarfs as small as he is, but his head is double the size of an ordinary man's, and the little cuss makes the women laugh till they cry from it. Punish him till he daren't open his mouth."

"I'll settle him, I'll put him to sleep in the 'Whatisit's' cage, that'll keep his mouth shut. I thrashed him with a tent peg all along the curve of his spine the other day, and I'll do it again. That's the worst of him, he got some education and that from the doctor, and he isn't loony like the rest of them. The 'Whatisit' can't do anything but slobber; and the Bean-faced Man is an idiot who doesn't care about anything as

long as you give him plenty of meat and don't kick him. Then the others haven't got the spunk to say a word, seems to take it out of them being freaks like. It's only the dwarf that bothers. I believe he gets talking to the others as well. I won't let them be together after the show any more."

"That is the best way, we don't want any damned trade-unionism among our freaks. I should frighten that dwarf as soon as possible or we shall have some swab-mouthed parson coming in and asking him if he's happy and that."

"I'll see to it to-night later; I'm going to see Lotty for an hour first. She's staying at the hotel opposite."

The elder man frowned and drummed his fingers impatiently upon a plate. "I tell you it's no good," he said, "no good at all. You don't want a wife messing round and spoiling your fun. You wouldn't be worth half what you are now to me if you were married. However I'm not the man to say, 'Do this,' or 'Don't do this,' to you. You must slide on your own rail; I only give you advice, and it's your own fault if you don't take it—you must make your own little hell for yourself, I don't care. But I tell you this for certain, Lotty won't marry you if you keep on till the Resurrection day. That girl isn't going to be tied down to a travelling showman. She costs me a hundred dollars a week, and she'll get that anywhere. She's a holy star, and she knows it. She's not going to stop in the West, she'll be in New York in the winter, the boss turn in the city. You've asked her once already. It's all very well, my lad, but I've got no illusions about myself or about you neither. We can't cut no ice, we're good enough to run a big show and make our chips, but we aren't much prettier to look at than a buck nigger, and a big full-blooded girl like that, training every day of her life, 'll marry a straight man of steel and velvet who 'll love her like she wants to be loved. Teeth of a Jew! D'ye think I've spent fifty years on the road all over the world not to know a man or woman when I see them. There's classes and classes, my boy. There's the 'Whatisit' with the blood of a frog and the brains of a maggot, and there's

a big straight English cow-boy with a little moustache and hair bleached yellow by the sun. What chance have you? Not a damn chance and that's true. Now look here, Max, you don't want a wife. You can buy plenty of love if you care about such, you stay quiet and run along with me and keep the buggy straight."

At the end of his oration, which he had delivered with all the glibness of the showman, making his points by a sudden snapping of the word to be emphasised, Zachary leant back and regarded his son with a satisfied smile. The young man listened carefully, nothing perturbed, and seemed to be weighing his father's words. He knew that his father had seen men and things, and knew affairs, and the mere accidents of everyday life had taught him an ungrudging respect for the old man's *savoir vivre*. When some dishonest trick was to be played, who was more fertile in resource than his father? When men were to be bullied or cajoled, who could storm or wheedle so well as he? At his side he had learnt all his own cunning, for he had had no other guide.

"It's like this, boss," he said, "just this. I mean to have that girl if I can get her. She wouldn't hear of anything but marriage. You may or may not be right about marriage being a bad egg; that I put away. I think you're right about a girl like that liking a handsome fellow better than me. Well, I'll ask her once more, to-night, and if she won't have me, well, she may go and rot. I'll not trouble her more. But some one 'll have to suffer and I lay to that."

"Right-on, Max," said the old man, "see Lotty again if you like, and do your best. She won't have you, but still try again. I wish you luck; let's have a bottle on it."

He picked up a long tandem horn which rested on a shelf by his chair, and blew a sounding blast that echoed on the night air and made all the dogs in the yard give tongue. It was his humour to summon his servants in this way, he liked the pomp and circumstance of it. A black boy came running at the sound.

"Bring a bottle of wine," he cried,

and when the champagne came, the two men drank merrily together in the little room. "Boys 's better than girls," said the old man to himself, as Maxwell went out into the night.

Waking the sleepy negro watchman, Maxwell passed out of the heavy gates into the main street of the town. The night was brilliant as a diamond, and still as a place under the sea. The air was fresh, and full of a sweet pungency from the plains of grass and wheat. The hotel where he was going was some hundred yards away down the street, and as he approached, the musical twanging of a banjo came through the lighted windows, the genial "rumptum-tum" promising merriment within. From where he stood at the top of the long street he could see the prairie rolling far away in blue-green waves under the moon. Behind, on the lower slopes of the hill, clustered the wood and stone houses of the town. There were few sounds save the banjo, or the occasional grunting of a sleepless elephant in the enclosure behind. As in all Western cities, on either side of the road were long rows of trees. To nearly every tree a horse was tethered. The saloons and hotels are open all night in Western America, and the cow-boys and fruit farmers ride into the towns after their day's work is done, and stable their horses in this primitive fashion. Sometimes they sleep beside them. Maxwell walked slowly towards the inn, revolving dimly what he should say to the girl. His sorry brain resented the necessity for the appeal which it was trying to formulate. The very nature of the man revolted against any lordship but his own will. To ask, to be suppliant, was an unpleasant thing; in fact this vulgar rascal had even a touch of pride, an emotion which perhaps dignified his sordidness. It would, he thought, be so infinitely more satisfactory to catch hold of Lotty and tell her that she had got to marry him, and then make her sit on his knee and minister to his entertainment. So he came uneasily up to the verandah of the inn.

Lotty was sitting at the head of a table, with her arm round another girl. In a lounge chair, sat a beautiful young

man with a banjo. He was a boy of some two-and-twenty years, with a brown clear-cut face and blue eyes, and Lotty and her friend were laughing at some anecdote he was telling them. Maxwell went into the room just as the young man rose to go. He noticed that the stranger, as he stood by Lotty making a farewell, was a handsome fellow, not unlike the type that old Zachary's words had conjured up. Certainly the man and woman made a pair to be admired by any one who could appreciate a fine animal. Lotty was straight as a stalk of wheat, and as supple as an osier. Her gymnastic training kept her eyes clear, her skin cool, and her hair glossy. She wore a long, clinging tea-gown, which showed the noble curves of her figure, and in which, for all its lace and drapery, she looked more like a boy than a girl. A hardy, bold, and self-reliant creature you saw her to be, with a bitter tongue. A shrewish, but a clean-minded woman. When the youth had gone, and they could hear his spurs clanking down the street and the noise of his awakened horse, Lotty turned to the other girl, a circus-rider who lived with her, and sent her to bed, saying that she would follow immediately. Then she turned to Maxwell and stood looking at him for a moment.

"I've been wanting a bit of talk with you," she said; "there's several things you've got to have out with me, you bloody-minded cur." Her strong hard hand opened and shut with gathering excitement, her head was bent forward and shook a little on its poise, her voice was quiet, but it had dropped a full octave in tone, and sounded like the distant tolling of a bell. Maxwell saw at once that he was to have no chance that night, but he resolved to see the thing out. He said nothing at all, but sat down in the chair just vacated by the young man with the banjo. He was in a state of considerable nervous tension at the sudden onslaught, but his mind was perfectly clear. He scowled nervously at her.

"I'm going to talk to you," said the girl quietly. "I'm going to tell you what I thought of you, and what I think of you now. I'll show you, you low

devil, what a decent girl thinks of you. You've asked me to marry you twice, and you've come here to ask me again to-night. I would rather marry the lowest nigger in the show than you. Oh, fool and coward, you that dare lift your eyes to me, who am but a circus girl. Oh, coward! May God stab your black heart and let you die; you're too bad a man for me. I know all your wickedness and I'll see you in gaol yet for it. I know more than you may think I know, more than any one knows, saving the wretched creatures you have tortured. I've been among the freaks, and heard with my own ears what you do at night when you want amusement. Do ye never hear that tatooed Indian girl crying? I'll pray that the sound may run in your ears all your life long. You, a strong man with all the brain of a man, went to that little dumb thing, the 'Whatisit'—and kicked it to make it say something. You did, and said things to the dwarf that I hardly like to think of. Oh, and there's much more that I won't trouble to tell you about. When the fur dropped off the Thibetan cat and it couldn't be shown any more, how did you kill it. You know what you did, and curse you for a cruel hound. Sit down, don't come near me; I'm as strong as you, and I'll kill you if you touch me. Now listen here; you know what I think of you, and what every girl in the show thinks of you. You can't boss me like you do the men, who are afraid to say a word, and this is what I'm going to do. As long as I'm connected with this show of yours, if I hear that you have so much as laid a finger on any of those poor creatures in the Museum, I'll go straight to the Sheriff and have you quodded before you can chew a fig. And more than that, I'll set a boy on to you, a *man* mind you, not a fat lump of wickedness like you, who'll break every separate bone you've got. Now you have heard me, and I'll waste no more time on you. If you have never heard before what a girl thinks of such a man as you, you have heard to-night. But remember, what I say I'll do, I *will* do with no fail; and if you ever dare speak another word to me beyond business matters, I'll strike you in the face."

She hissed the last words at him, trembling with hatred, and then with a swirl of skirts left the room.

The man sat motionless, hardly realising the full meaning of the words he had heard. Bit by bit they percolated his consciousness, and he under-

minutes, and to answer inquiries about his show. The scene was eminently picturesque, and Zachary paused for a few minutes to join a circle of men who were playing draw poker. A master of the game himself, he took the real pleasure of the expert in



"'I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU TOUCH ME'"

stood. He showed no trace of passion in his face, though his eye seemed a little inflamed, but walked slowly into the bar saloon, and called for whisky. The room was full of men playing poker and euchre, and he had perforce to stop among them for some few

watching the set faces of the players; and when, after "rise" had followed "rise," till a great pile of dollars and greenbacks lay in the centre of the table, the cards were thrown face upwards on the cloth, and he found then he had placed the winning hand

almost to a card, he turned with a satisfied air to the long, roughly-constructed wooden counter. Some men were throwing dice for drinks, and they recognised Zachary with a respectful salute. Two Chinamen in a corner were haggling over the sale of long, tapering-bladed knives with a young rancher from Wilson settlement; and a tall, vigorous cowboy, with a touch of Indian blood in the masterful curve of his nose, that contrasted strangely with his fair, drooping moustache, was testing the quality of the steel by whittling heavily at the birchwood stick that he carried.

Olancho's saloon was the favourite resort of Heron city, and the white-coated bar tenders were hard pressed to keep up with the demand for cock-tails which they mixed and slung, with unerring accuracy, to the shouting crowd of customers. For a few minutes the excitement of the environment drove other thoughts from Maxwell's brain, but when he was in the long, empty street again, the girl's scornful words came back and stung him into frenzy. Never in his life had such biting words been said to him before, and they lashed him like a steel whip. He was not a man to be much influenced by invective — his life had injured him to that—but this invective was different. It was the contempt, the burning contempt, that hurt so much; and even in his rage he longed for the girl who had so angered him, for as she had spoken all her heart she had looked doubly desirable. He kept forcing himself to remember how beautiful she had looked, and in the remembrance he began to forget the force and point of her utterance. Then once more he felt the lash of her scorn, and it was the more unbearable because in his heart of hearts he knew how right she was, and he knew how dark and foul his cruelty had been. Her indictment was heavy enough, but he knew that she did not know everything — his foulest cruelties were hidden even from her. The Indian girl had not told Lotty all she could have told; and one wretched creature, who could not speak, had a heavier record against his torturer than any one could know.

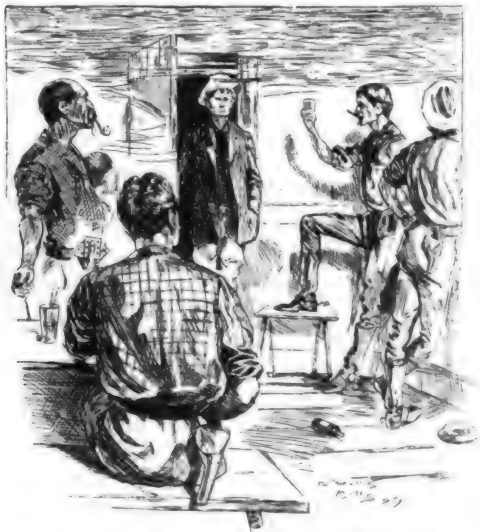
What did it matter, he thought, about the freaks? They were not like other people. He revolved the whole circumstances in his mind, walking savagely up and down in front of the circus gates, an ugly, vulgar sight in the moonlight. Going through the circumstances as dispassionately as he was able, he came to the conclusion that his doings had been told to the girl by some one who had volunteered much of the information, and he was sure in himself that the informant must have been the dwarf of the show. Maxwell hated this little creature with the huge head and bitter leer. It had before now said some unpleasant things to him, things which made him wince; it had stirred up many of the other freaks to resent their captivity and ill-treatment. Maxwell, joying in the sense of power, had kept these poor creatures in a strict imprisonment. He had constituted himself their gaoler and their king, making their wants and happiness dependent on his will. They had all been powerless in his cruel hands. The only protests had come from the dwarf, whose malformation had not sapped his energy and brain. As Maxwell raged in the street, he felt a mad desire to be revenged on the girl.

She should suffer bitterly, he was determined. Yet, as he thought, he could not devise any way in which to harm her. To spread lying reports about her character occurred to him at first, but he knew, on considering the plan, that nothing he could say would hurt her. Physical punishment was impossible; it seemed that he was entirely impotent. It came to him after a time that the girl's informant was at least in his power, and with the thought came the remembrance of his father's words at supper. Here, at any rate, he could work his vengeance. The piteous little atom of humanity who had betrayed him should suffer, and not only he but all the Children of Pain who were his creatures. His mouth tightened, and his eyes contracted with the lust of cruelty, as he knocked at the gate of the enclosure. He passed through the yard, and, opening a side door with a key, entered the central

rotunda, and walked across the tan of the ring.

The only light in the big building came from the moonbeams which struggled in from the windows near the roof. The place was quite silent and ghostly, and the silence was intensified by the fact that his footsteps made

which were grouped the caravans in which the freaks lived. At twelve at night each of them, by Maxwell's order, was shut in its dwelling till morning. Each freak had a caravan to itself, except the "Whatisit," who lay in a straw-covered cage, like a dog. During exhibition hours the wretched



"OLANCHIO'S SALOON WAS THE FAVOURITE RESORT OF HERON CITY."

no sound on the soft floor. He walked swiftly, making for the museum, which opened out of the menagerie. There would be no one about at this hour, and he was determined to vent his temper to the full upon the dwarf and his companions.

The museum was a large tent, round

travesties of mankind showed themselves on platforms in front of their respective dwellings, and the middle of the tent was simply a large open space where the spectators stood. Over each caravan was a gaudily-daubed representation of its inmate.

Maxwell came into the menagerie,

where, in the centre, the forge still glowed dully. The stagnant air of the place was full of the smell of the beasts. In the dark he could hear the fierce grinding of teeth upon a bone, and as he crossed to the entrance of the museum, the hummock of an elephant's shoulder showed, a dim, black mass. As he pulled aside the curtain of the museum, he came close to the cage of a great monkey, and he heard it laughing to itself over some memory.

He came into the tent, round which stood the silent caravans. The dwarf's house was at the end, and as he approached it he saw, with an evil satisfaction, that a light came from under the door, showing that his victim was still awake. He was walking swiftly forwards, when, within but a few yards of the steps of the caravan, something caught quickly at his ankles, and he fell heavily face downwards. He was motionless from the shock for a few seconds; and then, as he was pressing on his bruised wrists to raise his body-weight, he was struck down again flat by the sudden impact of some heavy weight in the small of his back. With his mouth full of sawdust and earth, and his lips cut through and bleeding, he swore savagely in fear. His immediate thought as he felt something spring upon him, was that one of the animals had escaped, and was attacking him, but the next thing that happened undeceived him. Two hands gripped his ankles, and rapidly bound them round with wire; a hard boss of wood was slipped into his mouth, and a handkerchief tied on it; and then he was turned upon his back, and saw shadowy figures about him. Somebody struck a match, and he saw a candle being lit in the bend of a fearful shadow, all velvet black. The light was raised, and he saw it was held by the Bean-faced Man. As the shadows played on the awful face, whose features were but tiny excrescences, and which was moulded into a great curve like a bean, he heard a deep and sudden laugh, like the sound of a stone dropped into a well. A white face that opened and shut its mouth like a fish floated round him, and hands were busy binding his wrists in a web of

cutting wire. He was dragged some little distance by some one behind him whom he could not see, and then was lifted on to a chair, and bound in a sitting posture upon it. When he was fixed tight and still, a little figure ran round in front of him, and in the orange flicker of the candle he saw it was the dwarf, but half clothed in sleeping garments, through which the malformations of his body showed in all their terrible appeal. There was a grey glaze on his large, intelligent face. The air made by the figures which moved round Maxwell sent hot waves that beat upon his cheeks; and there was a scent of ammonia and blood—the true menagerie smell that the showman knows and loves. The dwarf gave a tiny shrill cry, and the doors of the caravans opened, and grey ghostly figures appeared creeping down the steps. It was exactly as if Maxwell were a fly in the centre of a huge web, and from all sides the spiders were creeping towards him. Soon he was surrounded by monstrous faces, all quivering and unstable in the light of the candle. He caught sight of them coming and going—the white man who opened and shut his mouth continually, the great cranium of the dwarf, the lantern-eyed man, a new importation from a surgical school, whose eyes were as large as eggs; they were all around him. The dwarf was the leading figure, and under his guidance the creatures were arranged round the chair in a semi-circle.

A great stillness fell upon them. The only creature who moved was the "Whatisit," who was dancing up and down in a passion of pleasure at the sight of Maxwell so powerless. The little thing lolled out its tongue, and spluttered with triumph at its protector.

It behaved in exactly the same way in which one sometimes sees a tiny child behave when it is pleased, skipping about in a very ecstasy of joy. Then the dwarf stepped into the middle of the circle and spoke.

"My friends," he said, "our hour has come at last. This man has made our lives hell for months. Unhappy as each one of us must for ever be, we have tasted the bitterness of death at



"SURROUNDED BY MONSTROUS FACES, ALL QUIVERING IN THE UNSTABLE LIGHT"

his hands. Because his body is straight and strong, he has had the power to torture us whom God has made in joke. Now it is our turn, and he has fallen into our trap. Is there any one among us who does not feel that he must suffer the penalty we have agreed upon?"

There was no sound in the group except the hysterical sobbing of the fat lady, who was a weak and tender-hearted creature, but even from her large heart came no protest, for she knew that the punishment must be. She was only sorry and frightened.

"No one disagrees," said the dwarf. "Listen, Maxwell Zachary, you devil of hell! You have been judged and found guilty, and this shall be your

punishment: You shall be made even as we are. You shall be carved, and burnt into a freak; and if you die from it, 'twill be no great thing, and there will be one less bloody-minded villain on earth."

The muffled figure on the chair was quite still. They took it up at the dwarf's order, and carried it into the menagerie, placing it close to the glowing forge. They were a grotesque procession. In front, like some frenzied sacrificial priest, the "Whatisit" danced backwards, and panting behind came the fat woman, her vast bulk heaving with pity. "The Lord He knows! the Lord He knows!" she said continually.

The entrance of so large a concourse of people disturbed the animals. A lion growled angrily, and the monkeys chattered in surprise. Maxwell could not move, though but a canvas wall kept him from safety and freedom. He thought all the time of Lotty.

The dwarf pushed some iron bars into the fire, and opened a case of knives.

He was a grotesque caricature of

the surgeon with whom he had lived. He stood by the anvil, which was shoulder-high to him, and looked at the still figure in the chair.

When the work began, a great silence fell upon the place, the captive animals made no single sound, the Children of Pain were absolutely still, the quick, professional movements of the dwarf alone broke the stillness—a monster making a monster.



Some Great French Painters of the Day

WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

PERHAPS never before has the annual "Salon," which is the equivalent in Paris of our "Academy," afforded such a splendid show of paintings and sculpture as this year ; and one of the reasons of this was, no doubt, the fact that both the real or original Salon (*Société des Artistes Français*) and the newer society styling itself "*La Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts*" have held their annual exhibition under one roof.

It was the great painter of military scenes, the late M. Meissonier, whose pictures demanded enormous prices, and who fell out with his artist comrades on some unimportant matters, who started the independent annual exhibition of the latter society ; this was at the time when the Salon had established its headquarters in the Glass Palace in the Champs-Élysées. The new society held its exhibitions in some rooms at the Place Vendôme. The old Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs-Élysées, the former home of the Salon, has been pulled down, and both societies have taken up their quarters at the building of large dimensions in which they were housed this year.

The great Palais des Machines, in the Champ de Mars, erected during the last Paris Exhibition (1889), and consisting principally of iron and glass, lends itself particularly well to an exposition of art works, and the enormous centre-nave in which the statuary is exhibited, planted as it is with trees and shrubs, forms a magnificent promenade for the visitors.

When entering through the high portals of the palace, the impression one received was a magnificent one indeed.

The eye met one long crystal-covered stretch of garden with splendid shrubberies, gravelled paths, picturesque fountains, flower beds of highly scented plants stretching out carpet-like on the grassy lawns. Most artistically grouped in these grounds were the sculptured art works of those who have selected France as their place of labour. From the colossal statue of some great man in marble or in clay down to the tiny figure of a Cupid, the sculptors have placed here their most treasured works, to be admired and criticised by the public.

On both sides of this enormous nave were situated halls large and small, containing the selected year's work of French painters.

It is not our intention to give a detailed description of the present French "Academy" exhibition ; we could not very easily draw comparisons between the London and Paris collections of paintings and sculptured works of art. Comparisons are always odious, and exhaustive reviews of the thousands of works of art have appeared in various journals ; but it cannot prove otherwise than interesting to bring before our readers some of the great masters amongst our neighbours, whose names are so familiar to us, and whose works are as much admired here as they are in their own country.

To this may be added the fact that the great majority of our own painters and sculptors have been pupils of the great artists whom we honour so much, and have for years visited the studios of the French masters and have been influenced by their tuition and their example. The union between French and British painters and sculptors is

closer than that between any other nations, and French and English art are mutually highly appreciated.

The great Sarah Bernhardt, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* a short time ago, gave it as her opinion that Shakespeare did not belong to England alone, but to the universe; and the same holds good of all who possess great genius. Certainly genius has neither age nor country of its own.

have become the property of Englishmen. Some of the artists have been frequent visitors to our shores, and have been most welcome guests at English homes, from the Royal palace downwards.

But it has always been the same with English painters visiting France, and no men ever received higher honour than the late noble President of the Academy, Lord Leighton, or Sir John Millais, and



BENJAMIN-CONSTANT

From Photo by REUTLINGER

Any one who should be called upon to name the greatest of living French painters would find himself in a very difficult position, and the purport of this paper is simply to give short sketches of those renowned wielders of the brush who are, at least, by name as well known in our country as they are in their own. Many of their works have found a temporary or permanent resting place in our galleries, public and private, and many

all the other great men whose pictures became known and were admired and extolled as much in France as in our own country.

When coming to the sketches of the great painters whom we have selected for this paper, we feel that we are giving a few drops out of the ocean. The number of those of whom we would wish to speak is legion; and what we can say of those of whom we do speak

seems commonplace—entirely inadequate. We can give short biographies, tell where the great men were born and educated, whose pupils they were, what they painted, what honours were heaped upon them; but their genius, their divine conceptions, their marvellous execution, all these are indescribable.

Benjamin-Constant, who, very recently, was on a visit to London and was received by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, was born in 1845, and comes from an old family which was ennobled in the fifteenth century. He studied first at Toulouse, at the School of Fine Arts, where he obtained the principal prize, and was sent to Paris to continue his studies under Cabanel. He exhibited, in 1869, his two paintings, "Hamlet" and "Too Late."

Afterwards, he travelled through Spain and Morocco, and was for a time attached to the Embassy of Charles Tissot to the latter country. It is well known that Eastern scenery, the clear atmosphere, the deep-blue skies, the gorgeous colours seen everywhere, etc., are of unspeakable value to the impressionable onlooker, and Benjamin-Constant became an enthusiast for Oriental subjects, and his best-known pictures treat of Moorish scenes.

After his return to Paris, he devoted his time and thought principally to paintings full of the brilliant colours of the East, and his renown increased apace; no man ever could give more thoroughly the rich and still soft colouring of mountain or sea as they appear to the eye in the Southern latitudes, and his grouping of gorgeous colours was unique. He endowed his Oriental pictures with most extraordinary life and reality.

In his later years, he devoted himself more to portrait painting, and succeeded in this branch of his art as well as he did in every other. He received the ribbon of the Legion of Honour when only thirty-two

years old, is a member of the Institute, and stands to-day at the head of his profession. He exhibited this year a collection of portraits in Bond Street; at the Salon he had only one portrait, that of Madame J. Von Derwies.

Carolus-Duran, whose name is a household word amongst all who take interest in painting, was born in 1837 at Lille. When only twenty-four years of age, his extraordinary talent was recognised by many who saw his clever sketches, and not a few became convinced even then that young Carolus-Duran was a genius. It was in consequence of this that he was sent to Paris at the expense of his department, and soon afterwards moved to Rome, where he entered for six months the Convent of St. Francis, at Subiaco, and lived a quiet life in contemplation and meditation. For some time it was his intention to become a member of the



C. DURAN

From Photo by REUTLINGER

brotherhood of the monastery ; his religious inclinations induced him to prefer the life of a monk to that to be spent in the world ; the gay city of Paris had then no charm for him. However, six months seemed to satisfy his desire to be immured, and he left the convent never to return. During his sojourn there, he painted "The Evening Prayer," which was in the Salon of 1865, and "L'Assassine," also a portrait of M. Edward Reynart (Salon 1866).

He then went to Spain, in order to study the Spanish masters. In 1872, he received the Légion d'Honneur, and was made an officer of the order in 1878. As portrait painter, he has few equals. M. Carolus-Duran is also a frequent visitor to England, and a short time ago spent some weeks at Warwick Castle as the guest of Lord and Lady Warwick.

Carolus-Duran has a most elegant appearance, and a face of delicate lines. His eyes are an especially remarkable feature, they are soft, but show deep thought and enthusiasm.

There is, perhaps, no studio in Paris more frequented by English and American art students than that of the great painter who excels in both genre and portrait painting. He always takes the most kindly interest in his pupils, and there exists a great bond of friendship between our own great master, Sergeant, R.A., and his former teacher, Carolus-Duran.

Another of the great portrait painters of this century is Léon Bonnat, born at Bayonne in 1833. He began his studies at Madrid under Frederigo Madrazo. Hence he came to Paris and entered the studio of Léon Cogniet. In 1858, he went to Italy, where he continued his studies for some years. He exhibited his first picture, "The Good Samaritan," in the Salon of 1859. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honour in 1874, and has devoted his later years principally to portrait painting.

Léon Bonnat is a member of the



BONNAT

From Photo by REUTINGER

Institute, and one of the most brilliant painters of the day, but also renowned as a splendid conversationalist and wit.

He is a thorough society man, and enjoys a splendid constitution. In spite of his sixty-six years, he may be found, in the early hours of the morning, participating in some social function, or be seen at the opera or theatres, or at some private parties. He is a most welcome guest in the best houses of Paris, and his company is much sought after. Like M. Carolus-Duran, he has established a school of painting much appreciated by English and American students.

One of the oldest of the great masters of France is Adolph William Bouguereau, member of the Institute, who was born at La Rochelle in 1825. He began his studies at Bordeaux. He exhibited, in 1855, his "Triumph of the Martyr," which is now at the Luxembourg. He painted the interior of the Chapel of

St. Louis and of La Sainte-Chapelle, and decorated the Church of Saint Augustin (1867).

La Sainte-Chapelle is one of the finest specimens of the Gothic style in Europe, and the interior is strictly in keeping with the exterior. The artist has succeeded in giving the decorations and paintings great originality and beauty, and has bestowed upon the whole a look of quiet and solemnity hardly found in

officer of the Légion d'Honneur since 1876.

Jean Léon Gérôme is Bouguereau's senior by one year, and was born at Vesoul (Haute-Saône). He also is a member of the Institute. He studied in Paris under Paul Delaroche, and when his master moved to Italy he followed him thither. After his return hence, he entered the studio of Gleyse.

His first great picture, which won him



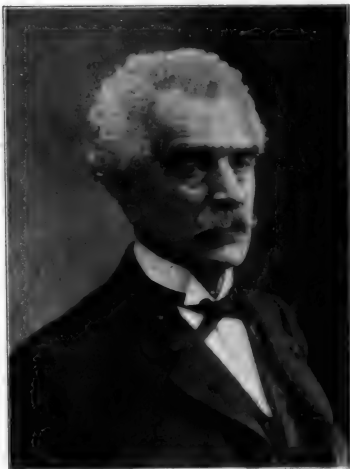
BOUGUEREAU

From Photo by VIERREVELIT & FILS, Paris

any other place of prayer. The chapel is in the Palais de Justice, and forms one of the best-known sights of the French capital.

The decorations and paintings of the Church of Saint Augustin are also magnificent specimens of Bouguereau's genius. One of his most celebrated pictures is "Cain and Abel." He exhibits this year at the Paris Salon and the London Academy. He has been an

the medal in 1847, was "Jeunes Grecs faisant battre des coqs." He travelled in 1854 with his friend Got, of the Comédie Française, in Russia, Turkey, and up the Danube, visited Egypt, and in 1857 he exhibited his well-known picture, "The Duel after the Masked Ball." He became Professor of the "Beaux-Arts" in Paris, perhaps the most renowned and successful school in the world, the Mecca of all those blessed with talent



JEAN LEON GERÔME

From Photo by NADAY, Paris

or genius for the fine arts. The "Beaux-Arts" is situated in the Quartier Latin of Paris, so well described and made familiar to us by the late George du Maurier, and many others who have been fortunate enough to spend some time in that delightful district of freedom from conventionality and the fetters of a social code.

In 1864 Gérôme again went to the Orient, visiting Palestine, Egypt and Syria, sojourned some time at Jerusalem, saw the Dead Sea, and ascended Mount Sinai. After his return home, he became very prolific, and not a few of his paintings have found their way to England and America, where they are highly prized.

Gérôme has had many honours conferred upon him. He was elected a member of the Institute in 1865, became a Commander of the Legion of Honour in 1878, and received a number of

medals and foreign decorations. Among his best-known pictures are those depicting scenes of Ancient Rome, "The Gladiators," "Cleopatra and Cæsar," "Martyrs thrown to wild beasts," as well as some important scenes from the life of the Great Napoleon, as, for instance, the great paintings representing "Bonaparte in Egypt" and "Bonaparte in Cairo."

His work is extremely popular, and in this respect an exception from the general rule, as the highest art is mostly appreciated by only a few; for Gérôme has a most wonderful power of blending gorgeous colours agreeably to the eye, and he gives life to the exciting and sensational scenes he depicts on his canvas. However great may be the number of human beings he brings before us on a single picture, every face is a study in itself, and bears the impress of the passion consequent upon the situation in which he or she is placed. In his execution Gérôme is most conscientious in regard

to every detail, and his pictures must be priceless to the historian.

Much might be added to these short sketches to show the kindness of these great masters. They know neither jealousy nor rivalry, and in their good works they are most generous, always ready to help a brother artist who is struggling in vain against the fates.

In conclusion, it is, of course, not necessary to say that the names we have here mentioned, and the artists whose portraits we give, are only a few of the many who have won fame and renown in their country and in the world; we have especially selected the five comprised in our paper because they are best known in our islands. France is so prolific in great painters and sculptors that even a mere list of those who deserve mentioning would fill the pages of this magazine. The hundreds of fine productions which annually cover the walls

of the exhibition speak more powerfully than our pen could do; therefore the reader must fully understand that the present article is not named the "Great French Painters of the day," but "Some Great French Painters"; and although we have not the space to even attempt to enter further into this subject, it is impossible to close this article without at least mentioning some of the illustrious names of modern French painters who have been shining stars on the firmament of art, and have won to the utmost degree the admiration of the world, and especially of our own country. Is not Boulanger known wherever the highest art is appreciated, on account of his Moorish pictures and his painted poems of ancient Rome? Who has not seen and admired, on the ceiling of one of the grand rooms in the Louvre of Paris, Cabanel's immortal "Triumph of Flora"? Again, there is Berne-Bellecour, who was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and whose pictures of Brittany have such charm. After the great war of 1870, he turned his attention to battle-scenes and military episodes, and excelled also in his new departure. Alexander II., Czar of Russia, paid personal homage to this great artist. Can we pass such names as Rosa Bonheur, Antoine Guillemet, Henri Gervex, Bertrand, Albert Aublet, Gueldry, Ernest Delahaye, Gustave Courtois, or Puvis de Chavannes, without experiencing a thrill of pleasure and reverence!

When mentioning French painters,

we have also to reckon with the large number of foreigners who have adopted France as their country. England, Scotland, America, Germany, Sweden and Norway, and many other States have sent large contingents to swell the long list of great men and women wielders of the brush; the renown of Gustave de Jonghe, Bruck-Lajos, Blaise Bukovac, Basile Cheremetew, Grimelund, De Wylie, is as great as that of their confrères who were born on French soil.

Paris has for many years been the great centre of art, and no other town in the world can rival her in that speciality. The fact is now universally acknowledged, and no artist considers his studies complete without having spent some time amongst the studios and galleries of Paris. What Mecca is to the "faithful," Paris is to those who possess genius and talent, and are devotees of the fine art of painting. Paris well deserves to-day the name of "Capital of Art," for here is the nursery of all that is artistic and beautiful, and here are the headquarters of the "Grande Armée de l'Art." How much we profit by our proximity to the French capital may be seen by the products of our own great painters, and it is a noteworthy fact that we find yearly more and more French exhibits at the London Academy, and our best artists love to send some of their finest work to the Salon in Paris. So it should be. Genius is rare indeed, and no nation can monopolise it—it belongs to the world at large!





LA TORTOJADA

From Photo by PROFESSOR STERNING, Paris

La Tortojada

AN INTERVIEW AND APPRECIATION

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

PERHAPS it is only fitting that the great, bright, domed playhouse in Leicester Square should be the accepted London home of Spanish dance. Certainly, of late it has become so, for while we go to the

Empire or to the Palace to hear the music-hall singers who rush from Paris in all the glory of a suddenly won fame, hasting, lest it fade, to set the hall-mark of London appreciation upon it, we turn naturally to the Alhambra when our eyes would be charmed by the

beautiful women and the sense-compelling dances of the sun-gripped southern peoples.

Otero we have worshipped there, Otero, that maddeningly beautiful thing, so set about with jewels that the eye begged for a little respite from the glittering gems. Otero of the dark, flashing eyes and the raven hair. Then another, Guerrero; own sister to Otero by her looks, a dark beauty also, less bejewelled, but equally good to look upon; and now La Tortojada has come back, a brown-tressed, fair-complexioned

Spanish woman with a softer beauty, but as a queen of the dance, the greatest of the three.

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas La Guerrero, jested a critic, sacrificing truth to a joke; for in truth La Tortojada, though her beauty is almost unadorned of jewels, though idiots have not shot themselves for her, though the paragraphists of two Continents have not been busy with her name, is the handsomest female thing that has graced the Alhambra stage for many a day past, and her dances are the real dances of Spain, not hybrid measures, half French, half American, and mainly designed for the glorious exhibition of extravagant costumes.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to have speech of some of these jewelled dancing queens. The lips that may with impunity snub a grand duke, cannot always be bothered to be gracious to a mere common writer; but when I have been to see La Tortojada, in her little plain dressing-room, at the Alhambra, she has had as many smiles for me as if I had been owner of half a county and a rent-roll as long as the Alhambra salary list. La Tortojada is a great beauty, and it is impossible for her to be wholly unconscious of it, but she does not make her beauty an excuse for an overbearing self-conceit.

La Tortojada is very glad to be back in London. I suppose there are no foreign artistes who visit London and do not tell an interviewer that the English audiences are the best in the world, but I feel certain that La Tortojada is speaking from her heart when she says so. "They are so sincere," she says—she speaks no English, and her French is the French of the Southern people, with here and there an unexpected Parisianism—"so delightfully sincere, and you know that when they applaud one night, there will be applause, too, the next night. In Europe, now, it is so different. In Petersburg, say; in Vienna; in Paris, one night they rage; they are all mad with love for you; it is hard for you to leave the stage at all, and outside the theatre they shout again, pull the horses from the carriage, and run it themselves, all mad, raving mad—to the hotel. The next night you

wait for the tumult; there is no tumult; quiet applause, that is all, and the life is all gone out of you, for you do not know what these people will do next. And that, Monsieur, is why I like, when I look out across the footlights, to see the serious English people."

La Tortojada has danced in America, too, and she is inclined to place the American understanding of dancing on a very high level. "They are not to be taken in by trickery," she said, and she recalled to my mind an incident, the incident of the fair-faced lady from Paris, about whom men and photographers raved, but about whose dancing it were best to be silent. However, the Americans were not silent, and the lady returned to Paris—to practise new steps.

La Tortojada has always danced. At the back of her remembrance there is a child in an idle city by a summer sea, dancing to the sun and the indolent waves; but it was not in her own country that she came before the public. She grew older, and more, and more, and more beautiful, and it was once in Vienna that a music-hall audience had first sight of her.

"Had she been taught?"

"Of course, a little; but it has been nature that has been my great master. Always there has been something in me to make me dance, and always as I have gained in experience I have gained in my dancing. Where do I dance best? I think here: there is no orchestra in the world that I love so much. There, listen——"

The music of the band came up to us, telling almost by itself the story of the ballet. "Some orchestras are best for some things, some for others, this, I think, is the best for the dance that there is."

La Tortojada came to London and danced a good deal at private parties. George Edwardes saw her, and advised a public appearance. It was at the Empire first that she made a trial of London affections, but it was not till she came back to the Alhambra comparatively recently, that she established her position as a dancer second to none.

In the meantime she went all over

Europe and America ; New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and as far west as Chicago have known her. In future years she hopes to visit San Francisco, and later South America. There is no great city in Europe that she has not been to, and in Berlin, Buda-Pesth, or Moscow, she is equally a favourite.

She has not danced always alone. In America, at first, she made one of a quartette, with two men and another

The mention of Mabel Love brought us to the consideration of English dancers. Point blank I asked her what she thought of them. La Tortojada appeared puzzled.

"I do not think I have seen any," she said ; "remember them to me then, their names?"

It was my turn to be puzzled. For the life of me I could only remember one name, and the conviction began to be



LA TORTOJADA

From Photo by PROFESSOR STERNING, Paris

woman, and at times, as the majority of her compatriots she has had a male dancer to give added point to her own movements. In America, too, she appeared in a musical play, the "Little Christopher Columbus," that first introduced May Yohé to England. She played the part of the dancing girl Pepita, the part given to Mabel Love in London, but of course without words, for she has not had time to learn the English language.

unpleasantly forced in upon me that there was only one English dancer. "Katie Seymour," I hazarded.

"Ah, yes, *la petite mignonne*, she is dainty, is she not? I don't think I know any others. Your Mabel Love, she is a dancer, is she not? I never see her dance, but she is very beautiful—I have seen only her photographs."

I led the conversation away from

English dancers, and talked to her of her own methods.

"Practise? Of course I must practise. One may be a heaven-sent dancer, Monsieur, but one *must* practise.

"But these great dancers who are always at Monte Carlo, at Ostend. One reads that they are on the *plage* in the morning, at the Casino in the afternoon, dining here, supping there, changing costumes five times a day; when, I ask you, do they practise?"

"These *great* dancers?" repeated La Tortojada, "ah, yes, you mean"—but I will not give the names—you think them, then, great dancers; I—I think them only very beautiful women. Of course they do not practise, nor do they really dance; for to dance you *must* practise; I know it: that is all."

La Tortojada has had many adventures, and holds the pronounced vagaries of the American climate in respectful memory. The tremendous train journeys were rather a terror to her, but over the comfort of the travelling she waxed enthusiastic. "Only to think," she said, "if one had such trains in Europe; fancy, Paris to Petersburg in an American train; it would be heaven, instead of—". Yes, and your English trains, they are good; not those that come from the boat to London, oh no, but to Liverpool, to the American ships, superb." All over Europe La Tortojada has had adventures too, but she prefers to laugh at the remembrance of them rather than speak of them. "All men everywhere are sometimes very foolish;" thus, tritely enough, she sums up her experience.

She likes living in London, but she must be right in the centre, no suburbs for her, however pretty; she cannot bear to think that she is away from the centre of gaiety.

"They say to me that just now it is empty; that everybody has gone away; *ma foi!* then, when they come back where do they all live, and who are all these that are left behind; who are they that have come to the theatre to-night?" And in truth, though it was August, the Alhambra was filled. I

explained that the *best* people had all gone.

"Ah well, then," with a shrug of incomparable shoulders, "some that stay behind are very nice."

La Tortojada is, at present, doing four dances at the Alhambra, and dancing alone; her male performer is discarded. Firstly it is the entrance of the Toreador into the arena, the swaggering favourite of the people, gaily dressed, superciliously conscious of the purring admiration of the crowds all about him. You can see it all; the *va-et-vient* of the bull-ring, the attendants making ready, the horses sniffing apprehensively, and the crowd, their excitement at over fever-heat to shout much, staring down on the swart, keen-eyed bull-fighter; the women hunched forward, betraying their admiration in every glance. Next, a little simple dance of the people, cheeky almost, and you can fancy the men sitting about the inn doors, clapping hands in time and laughing as the dancing girl flings a passing jest at them. Then the fight in the arena and the death of the bull. The music becomes wild, surges tumultuously, the movements of the dancer on the stage are telling the whole story. The people are all shouting, snarling down from the tiered seats, the women, nostrils dilated, beat their fists upon the barricades, the crowd are all athirst for blood, and in the arena the rapid business of death is going on, all pictured by the dancing of this incomparable Tortojada.

It is splendid, and it has wrought the blood up within us till we do not care greatly for the ballet that follows directly afterwards. Rather go and drink, and dream of beautiful women.

Next year La Tortojada is to be one of the many great artistes who will delight the Parisians during the Exhibition year. During April, May, and June, she is to dance at the Olympia Music Hall. She is looking forward to the Exhibition with an almost childish glee. "They tell me it will be the gayest thing in all the world," she says.

R. B.

NOVEMBER SONG



You could sing in the sparkling spring
And on to the summer's ember :
But how will you keep your heart on flight
Across the season of chill and blight—
November ?

Ne'er a rose in the garden glows,
The blue is fading above you,
Your friends, the swallows, have southward flown. . .
Oh ! is it enough that I wait alone
To love you ?

All the time of the summer's prime
Love lit your eyes, I remember.
But there were so many delights those days—
And what shall I do if your heart obeys
November ?

Turn to me lest your eyes should see
The pitiless grey above you,
And tell me, dear, though the road is rough,
That life is good and my heart enough
To love you.

A TALE OF THE PARIS COMMUNE



By the Rev. W. Wood, D.D.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. WILLIAM WOOD, D.D., Hon. Canon of Christ Church

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK WRIGHT

S EVEN-and-twenty years ago !
Yet how well I remember it
all ! A week such as that is
burnt into one's memory.
We seemed to live a life-
time in it.

This was what happened :

We had taken our places round the table in our humble lodgings in the Rue Gaspard, where, at that time, many fellow-workmen of my father's had their quarters. My father had just been helped to his soup. My mother was pouring out for the rest, and Marie was breaking some bread into the bowl for poor old granny—now almost blind—when a violent explosion seemed to shake Paris to its foundations. The walls quivered and the windows rattled as if a dozen drums were being beaten in the narrow street. A sudden silence followed. All the little sounds of human life, which strike upon the ear without awaking consciousness, ceased down below. We looked at one another inquiringly. My father held his spoon halfway to his lips ; my mother's face assumed a terrified expression ; but, before a word could be spoken, a second and a third roar rent the air.

"Sacred name of God !" exclaimed my father, setting down his spoon. "That means mischief. Run, Alphonse, run and see what you can learn !"

I did not need a second order. Snatching up my *berret*, I ran down the staircase two steps at a time, and soon found myself in the street. People were coming out of their houses, and looking up into the sky as if they expected to see some explanation there. I knew enough, however, to be sure it was no ordinary shell from the Versailles troops at Neuilly, or from the heavy mortars at Mont Valérien, which had burst in our quarter. Some persons were running towards the Arc de l'Etoile, and I followed them. Crossing the Avenue des Ternes, I soon reached the great arch commemorative of the Grande Armée. Here a crowd, mostly of working people, was assembled ; little *gamins* were perched on some scaffold-poles near the Rond Point, others clinging to the projections of the arch to get a better view ; while a score or two of dusty and ragged National Guards were tramping up from the direction of Sablonville. From the high ground on which we stood it was now possible to gain some idea of the catastrophe which had occurred. A distant cannonade, like a thunderstorm a long way off, made itself heard from Neuilly, but all eyes were turned in the other direction, towards the river and the Quai de Passy. A cloud of smoke still hung over the place, lighted up on its under side by a tall column of flame, rising

like a geyser from the ground. While we gazed, a fresh detonation occurred, sharper and of a different character from those before. It was plain that a magazine had been exploded, followed by that of a cartridge *dépôt*, but whether by a shot from the enemy, or by treachery, who could tell? My first impulse was to try to get to the scene of the explosion, but after running for a hundred yards or so down the Avenue d'Iéna, I reflected that it was of little use to satisfy my curiosity further, and that meantime there might be cause for anxiety at home.

I found, indeed, on regaining the Rue Gaspard, that such was the case. As I drew near the house, I could see my cousin Marie's pretty face as she leant eagerly out of the window, and waved her kerchief in recognition. My father seemed disturbed beyond his wont—I could not tell why; my mother said nothing, but I thought she looked paler than usual, as she placed before me my portion of the family repast, which, with a woman's forethought, she had kept for me on the little cooking-stove.

My news, such as it was, was soon told. "It's but a question of time," my father muttered; and added, in a lower key, "who could expect it otherwise?"

But I had better take the opportunity of giving some account of our family party. First, for the chief breadwinner: Clément Picard, at that time a man of about five-and-forty, was a mason by trade, and a man of considerable intelligence. He worked as a young man at Marseilles, where his family had settled, and there formed a friendship with a fellow-workman, an Italian named Annibale Strozzi. Like most of their fellow-*ouvriers*, they had imbibed strong democratic prejudices, Strozzi's Southern blood lending vehemence to their common sentiments. Here my father met and fell in love with my mother, Jeannette Delmont; and on the same day that they were married, his friend Annibale was united to Picard's sister Marie. The two men would have been well satisfied with the civil marriage only, but the brides were good Catholics, and insisted on having the Church's blessing. My cousin,

Marie⁷Strozzi, who bore her mother's name, was the sole issue of the one alliance, her father dying of lung disease a year or two after her birth. She lost her mother also a few years later, and the little girl was then taken charge of by my mother, who loved her as her own child. I was the eldest born of the other marriage, so that Marie and myself were almost of the same age, not more than a few weeks dividing us.

It is hard for me to describe her, or draw her picture. Love's palette bears colours of celestial dye, and the reader would not believe in all that my heart prompts me to write. Enough to say that with the graceful figure and bright temperament of France, she united the deep and ardent Southern nature which she had derived from her father. My father's mother, Marguerite, completed our party. But there was a touching memorial of a loving and much-loved little brother whom I had lost. Poor Achilles! He had been a cripple from his birth, which took place the same year that we removed to Paris, and had died of the privations we had endured during the siege by the Germans six months ago. But his little invalid chair was still the most cherished part of our furniture, always dusted and polished by my mother, who could not bear that it should be put out of sight, and kept it in the accustomed place by the window, as if she could still see the poor child with his little wistful face turned towards the casement.

But I must say a few words more about my father. During the terrible siege which we had undergone from the German armies, his courage and confidence had never seemed to fail. His faith in Republican principles was too intense to permit him to doubt that France, relieved from the incubus of the second Empire and its pseudo-Bonapartism, would rally against the foreigner, and repeat the glorious achievements of 1797. Great, indeed, was his humiliation when famine at length made surrender inevitable on the part of the Committee of National Defence. He had risked his life freely as a volunteer during the terrible winter of 1870, and had received personal in-

juries, once from a musket ball through the leg, and once from a fragment of stone, broken by an exploding shell. Besides this, he had seen our little Achille—whom in happier days he used to carry on his shoulder when we walked out on Sundays to the Bois, pine away under the privations which were trying enough to stronger frames; and at last he had followed the tiny coffin, no bigger than a violin-case, to its last resting-place in the Cimetière at Montmartre. But when news came of the surrender of Metz, and the articles of capitulation had been signed at Versailles, he felt that his beloved Paris must bow her head to the storm, and he joined, however unwillingly, in the vote which, by an enormous majority, expressed confidence in the Government, and, therefore, acquiescence in its acts. This was in January.

I think if the more enthusiastic spirits who raised the red flag of the Commune had not so soon given damning evidence of both cruelty and incompetence, he might even then have been carried away by his sympathies. But the brutal murder of General Lecomte and Clément Thomas (the latter a personal friend and once his superior officer), filled him with the worst anticipations.

Then ensued the usual rapid deterioration of men's minds when unhinged by panic, the sudden appearance of revolutionary outcasts from every part of the continent as leaders of the populace, the blind confidence, the unreasoning jealousies, the cruel suspicions, the revenge on traitors or supposed traitors, the closure of the churches, and suppression of religious ceremonies; last, the seizure of the hostages, and their committal to the prison of Mazas. Acts like these, to say nothing of such childish freaks as the destruction of the column of the Place Vendôme and the razing of M. Thiers' house, had completely turned the current of my father's politics.

The time had been when he would have regarded, if not with approval, yet with indifference, any legal decrees which the Republic chose to carry out against the clergy. Had they not identified themselves too much with the

reaction of the Second Empire, a régime of tawdry shows and gross corruption? But of late his religious feelings, as well as his political, had been undergoing a change.

Hating oppression and illegality as a part of tyranny, he found the very same intolerance in a more brutal form exercised by irresponsible persons, many of them foreigners, on his fellow-citizens. My mother's strong instincts of piety also told upon him. He had not resisted her desire to bring up her children in the practice of religion. Marie and myself had attended the "Little" and the "Great Catechism" at the church of our parish, and the Curé had been allowed to make friends with the little cripple, and to bring him pictures of the Good Shepherd and the Holy Mother.

Such visits, however, were tolerated rather than approved of. But when poor little Achille was taken from us, and we followed his body to church before its removal to the cemetery, my father, who with difficulty had been persuaded to accompany the sad procession, was, I think, even more moved than my mother on finding the sacred building closed by order of the Commune, and a placard posted up on the barricaded door, stigmatising all clergy as bandits, and decreeing their imprisonment for their crimes against the Republic. The usual prayers had been bespoken for the innocent soul of the child, but we were prohibited from offering them. "At least, they cannot hinder us at the grave," sobbed my mother, while my father's face assumed an expression I had never seen on it before, as, muttering something under his breath, he set off with us to Montmartre.

I have said enough to explain my father's sentiments. Let me return to my narrative.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. None of us had left the house since my return. A silence seemed to have fallen upon us, ominous of coming evil. At length, my father rose from his seat in the corner of the room, and took down his workman's cap from a shelf above him.

"Clément! tell me, Clément! thou art not going out?" exclaimed my mother. "Suppose ——"

"Suppose what?" he answered—I thought, somewhat brutally. But I perceived that he was greatly moved.

"I know not what," said my mother; "but I have a presentiment of evil—I know not why."

"Bah! women have women's fears. There is no more danger, to my mind, than such as surrounds us every day."

"Clément, my son!" exclaimed his mother, as she rocked her body slowly backwards and forwards. "Listen to thy wife. Be persuaded."

But my father's determination always grew with opposition.

"Come, come! a truce to this folly!" he cried out. "*Sacr-é-é!* Would you make a poltroon of me! Alphonse and I are going for a walk, that's all! I want to see what new treat M. Assy and his friends are providing for us, and whether Coubet has found some fresh monument of despotism to destroy since he floored the Vendôme column."

I sprang up, and embraced my mother. "Say no more," I whispered to her. "You know my father's way. I will go with him. Do not fear danger. He is more guarded than you think, when among strangers."

My mother pressed me to her heart. Marie's hand and mine met—I scarce knew how—as I left the room.

The sun shone brightly as we walked down the street. My father strode on rapidly. From time to time we heard the cannon in the distance, and it seemed to me as if the sound were advancing. But it was hard to believe that Paris, the beautiful Paris we saw before us, could be the scene of such horrors as we knew, still less of such as we knew not then, but which were surely approaching. The city lay basking in the bright May sun. Under the delicate green leaves of the Champs Elysées the birds were twittering and singing. Laburnums and lilacs and wisterias decked the parterres, or made the houses gay with their delicate flowers. Nature seemed to know nothing of Man's sorrows—Man to have learnt nothing from Nature's sweetness. We crossed the Place de la Concorde, and walked up by the Tuileries. An enterprising omnibus driver was actually plying on the Rue de Rivoli, and we

took our seats as far as the Place de la Bastille. There were few passengers, and those scarcely spoke a word. My father looked up at the column surmounted by its Victory, and a stern smile crossed his face. Here and there groups of *ouvriers* were collected, intermixed with women. A company of Federalists, with blankets strapped on their backs, and loaves stuck on their bayonets, and pipes in their mouths, came tramping past, and an orderly clattered by on a cab-horse. "*La fin est proche,*" muttered my father.

We were nearer to it than he knew.

We had made our way some distance up the Rue de Charonne, where an old friend of my father's kept a tobacconist's shop, and were wondering why the street was so deserted, when we heard the beat of a drum close at hand, and the tramp of soldiers, together with the confused noise of a crowd approaching from a side street.

"Stand by!" said my father, pushing me into the doorway of a little wine-shop. "Let us see what this is."

The crowd begins to stream round the corner. First a party of lads keeping step to the drum, but turning round from time to time to watch the procession behind, then two or three drummers and a sapper in his leather apron, then Federalist soldiers of the line flanking a score or two of prisoners. A rear-guard followed, mixed up with a crowd of men and women, the latter in rags, with red kerchiefs on their heads or red nightcaps, most of them armed with sticks, and a few bearing muskets.

What could it be? A few men had come out of the wine-shop, and one answered with a grin, "Oh, it's only the hostages; they're taking them from Mazas to La Roquette." And another added significantly, "There's a safer place even than that, eh? What say'st thou, Gustave?"

The hostages! I looked again. Most of them were priests. Their cassocks ragged and dusty, their chins dark and unshaven, some of them without hats or wearing the common *casquette* of a workman, they moved along amidst derisive cries and menaces, especially from the women.

Just as they came opposite to us I exclaimed, "Father, father! there is M. Durand!"

It was indeed our venerable *curé*, my mother's friend and confessor, my own catechiser, little Achille's benefactor. I ran towards him, calling him by name. The good man turned, and I asked his blessing. No sooner had I done so than one of the viragos who were marching with the troops struck me over the head with her bludgeon, and felled me to the ground. Dizzy with the blow, I struggled to my feet and saw my father striking with his fists right and left among half-a-dozen of the bystanders. But he was soon overpowered. The escort had halted, and the officer in command ordered his hands to be tied behind him, and that he should be conducted with the rest to La Roquette. Shouts of applause greeted the words. "*Recidivist! Refractaire! Kill him!*" yelled the bystanders. "O spare him, spare him!" I cried, turning to the commanding officer. "It was for my sake ——" I

could say no more. M. Durand thrust himself forward. "*Grâce, grâce!*" he cried. "*Maigre for your grâce!*" shouted a woman, and struck him on the face. I rushed at the fury, but found myself in a moment seized and a prisoner by my father.

"How now?" exclaimed a young man in a colonel's uniform, and wearing a large red sash round his waist. "An attempt at rescue of these bandits, eh?"

A space was cleared around us at his voice, and I looked up at the speaker.

He was a young man, barely thirty years of age, with long black beard and moustache and heavy eyebrows—evidently a person in authority.

The officer in command of the escort briefly explained.

"Eh bien! eh bien!" he exclaimed, fixing a *pince-nez* on his nose; and, turning to me with a derisive smile, he tapped me on the cheek, and added, "Papa shall be shot to-morrow, and thou shalt come and see it."



"'HOW NOW?' EXCLAIMED A YOUNG MAN IN A COLONEL'S UNIFORM"

My blood ran cold with horror.

One of the prisoners pressed towards us. I recognised him at once. The pale, dark face, the noble brow, the white hair, the calm, unflinching gaze, such as I had seen him sometimes in the pulpit at Notre Dame, were sufficient, even without the pectoral cross, which had still been left him, to point out Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris.

"In the name of Him who died for us," he commenced, "listen to me, my children!"

"Silence, citizen Darboy!" interrupted the young colonel. "You are speaking to men, not children. Bid the drums beat! March on!" he added, turning to the captain.

The sad march re-commenced. My father walked beside me, his hands secured with a rope. It had not been thought necessary to fasten mine.

"Father," I said, in an undertone, "tell me, who is that man in the red sash?"

"Raoul Rigault," was the answer.

CHAPTER II.

Raoul Rigault! I had heard enough of him to know that he was a man steeled against every sentiment of pity. With all the instincts of the informer, and with an insane hatred of religion and all who professed it, he had taken the chief part in the arrest of the clergy and their selection as "hostages." It was of no use to appeal to the chief commissary of police of the Commune.

We had reached the angle of the Rue Montreuil, where a narrow lane intersects it. Some paving-stones were heaped up at this point, the commencement of an unfinished barricade, and two or three dismounted fourgons were thrown on the top. As we approached the spot, the gendarme by my side, who I had fancied had looked on me with pity, touched my elbow, and at the same time stole a glance at my father, who seemed to appreciate his motive. The man then thrust himself somewhat between us, turning his back towards me. In a moment I understood. As the escort and the prisoners climbed over the half-completed barricade, the idle crowd falling back from

want of space, I took a step aside, and crouched down under the overturned carriage by my side. The movement passed unperceived. Each of the party was occupied at the moment in picking his way over the obstacles before him, and in a few minutes the shouting and jeering rabble had either followed the sad procession or dispersed. Thank God, I was free!

My heart thumped violently, and I felt a strange choking sensation as I looked down the street. A woman's head leaned out of the window of a house before me, but it was turned in the other direction after the sound of the drum. Choosing a narrow by-street which seemed to lead towards the river, I walked rapidly, and soon found myself on the quay. How I got home that evening I scarcely know. Enough to say, I was thoroughly dead beat with fatigue and anxiety of mind when I dragged myself up the staircase in the Rue Gaspard.

It was a terrible tale I had to tell, but my mother bore it bravely. Poor old granny wept a little from time to time, as she sat in the corner, but my mother seemed so rejoiced at having recovered one of her dear ones, that she entertained, or professed to entertain, good hopes of the other. In this Marie encouraged her.

"Surely, Maman," she urged (she always called her "Maman"), "surely they would not think of injuring a good Republican like my uncle. He is well known to many of the leaders. They will remember how bravely he fought against the Prussians, what influence he had with his fellow-workmen, how he led them in the great attack on Le Bourget. Will they not Maman?"

And putting her arms round my mother's neck, she kissed her on both cheeks and tapped her on the face till she smiled.

Ah! it was a sad evening. Up to bedtime Marie cheered us all. "They will let him go when they reach La Roquette. There is no process of accusation drawn up against him. He did not really try to rescue the prisoners. He is not of consequence enough to be kept, like the poor archbishop, as a hostage. He will be here soon."



FRANK G. WRIGHT.

"I WAS FREE"

At length we went to our beds. For my part, I was worn out with all I had undergone, and slept soundly till morning.

But when we met at breakfast and I saw my mother's red and swollen eyelids, sure sign of a night of watching, when I noticed a tear course hastily down Marie's cheek, though she turned to look out of the window that it might not be observed, I resolved to try and hear some tidings of the intentions of the Communist leaders and learn what progress was being made by our besiegers. Marie encouraged me in this resolve, and my mother made no obstacle, only urging me to exercise the greatest care.

"Oh," I exclaimed gaily, "no one will touch a boy of my age, if I interfere with nobody! Trust me!" and I sallied forth.

At the corner of the street a placard

caught my eyes. It was a warning to "good citizens" to be on their guard against "refractories" and "traitors." "Death to all such!" it ended, and was issued in the name of the Commune.

The silence and desolation in the streets surprised me. A roll of musketry sounded near the Palais de l'Industrie. I heard the hiss of a shell overhead from the direction of Montmartre. It seemed to fall somewhere in the Elysées. Then I saw a few groups of people cowering in the angles of the side streets, while several corpses lay here and there under the trees. The measured tramp of a regiment approached. At its head rode the colonel, sword in hand. The more even line of the men, the better style of the uniforms, the direction of their march, astonished me. Good Heavens! it is the besiegers. The Versaillais have entered the city!

Still the roar of heavy guns continued and the sharp rattle of the Chassepôts near the quays, showing that Paris was not yet taken.

"At least, they are marching towards La Roquette. I will follow them." There are barricades in the Place de la Concorde which is still fiercely defended. And what do I see beyond? A thick cloud of smoke rises from the Tuileries. The Communists have fired the city. They will die on the awful pyre they have themselves kindled.

I doubted whether I ought to retrace my steps and take the news home. But I would go further and see more of the struggle. I followed a company of soldiers down a side street. At the head was a poor pretence of a barricade which did not detain them a moment. The men marched steadily on, their eyes and rifles turned incessantly towards the windows. A slight curl of smoke came from a casement covered with outside venetian shutters, followed by a sharp report. A lieutenant put his hand to his side and fell. Half-a-dozen men were instantly detached, broke open the door with the butt ends of their muskets, and disappeared into the house. The rest halted. Presently they reappeared, dragging an elderly man, bareheaded, with them. The shutter above was thrust open and a woman's head showed itself. "A curse on you!" she yelled, "pigs of Versailles! Antoine, thou shalt be avenged."

In a moment, a couple of men dashed into the house and brought the woman down. The two were set, side by side, against a blank wall. I turned away; but the rattle of the rifles rang out. The shooting party rejoined their ranks and the column advanced.

Little resistance seemed to be organised in this quarter. Probably the advance of the Versailles troops had taken them by surprise. Indeed, as we were approaching a café near the Boulevard, I saw a man in military uniform dash in, as if alarmed. He was instantly pursued and brought out with insult and derision, for was he not a Communist colonel? I recognised him at once with a fierce thrill of satisfaction. Who could forget that dark face with its sneering, cynical expression. It was the

Prefect of Police, the cruel persecutor and informer, Raoul Rigault.

"Make him a prisoner. Hold him fast," shouted the captain, hurrying up.

But Rigault at least was not wanting in courage. Striking the man nearest him with his clenched fist, he raised his *képi* from his head and shouted, "*Vive la Commune! à bas les Versaillais!*" It was all over in a moment. They thrust him against the closed door of a garden wall. Half-a-dozen shots rang out, and all was over.

I had had enough of horrors for the present. It was time to retrace my steps. Already there had been much anxiety on my behalf, for neighbours had come in and brought news of the fighting in the streets. The Commune was about to destroy the city, it was said. Not only had the Tuileries been fired, but regular gangs of men and women had been organised by Rigault and Ferré, whose office was to pour petroleum into the buildings and fire them. My account of the death of the former was received with much satisfaction, even the gentle Marie muttering, "Thank God!" Every now and then some friend or neighbour came in with fresh news. "The troops had taken Montmartre." "The Communists are strongly entrenched on the Boulevards." "There has been frightful slaughter at the Madeleine," and so on.

It was hard to tell what to believe or what to expect. The day passed at length, and night came on; and what a night! From the roof of our house, to which we had access by a little ladder and trapdoor, we saw the sky over Paris reddened with the blaze of burning buildings. Explosions rent the air now and again. Then darker masses of smoke hid the flames for a time, till they were themselves lighted up by a renewal of the fire.

So the night passed, and day dawned again upon the awful internecine struggle. Rumours of various kinds reached our ears, as usual, and once a terrific explosion, which proved to be that of the powder magazine at the Luxembourg, seemed for a while to absorb all other sounds. Our thoughts still dwelt upon my father and the poor hostages at La Roquette. I wearied my

brain with devising schemes of how I might do anything on his behalf. "Would the Versailles troops let me pass their cordon? Could I possibly reach La Roquette, or do anything if I got there?" The mind fell back in despair. It seemed hopeless—as hopeless as the frantic efforts of a newly-caged bird to get beyond the bars of its prison.

About twelve o'clock my mother called me into her little bedroom.

"Marie and I," she said, "are about to pray for your dear father. It may please the good God to hear us and give him back to us. And if those wicked men should take the lives of the hostages"—here her voice failed while I could have counted twenty—"let us at least have prayed for courage to meet their end, and for peace to their souls."

All three knelt down and prayed in silence.

I confess I had not much hope that their lives would be spared. The Communists, we were assured, were still holding their own with tenacity in the narrowing circle of the old city, and, unless the prison should be taken by the troops with a sudden rush, it was only too likely that they would be murdered out of revenge. The remembrance of Rigault's death was, in one sense, a consolation. At least, that bloodthirsty villain was out of the way. But I knew there were others, perhaps, quite as remorseless, and possibly Rigault's execution might be made the excuse for such atrocities as I felt sure they were capable of. The September massacres in the time of the great Revolution cast a lurid light on the possibilities of the present desperate struggle.

In the course of the afternoon, wearied with anxiety, and unable to bear the distressful sight of my mother's face, I begged her to allow me to go out and see if I could learn any further news of the fighting, and especially of the fate of the hostages. Marie also entreated that she might accompany me, and, on condition that we would scrupulously avoid any unnecessary risk, my mother assented. We took our way by the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. There were few persons in the streets. Near the Madeleine we stood aghast. The church itself bore few marks of injury,

but terrible signs of bloodshed strewed the place. Several corpses lay where they had fallen; some on a barricade, others in the roadway. Others again had apparently dragged themselves under the portico of the great church, and had there breathed their last. Damaged accoutrements and torn fragments of uniforms were scattered here and there, and horrible dark stains on the pavement bore witness to the death struggle. I seized Marie's arm, and turned her away. "Let us go back," I whispered. "It is too awful."

We turned to retrace our steps. Just then, a workman apparently, bareheaded, but wearing a blouse, came out into the street before us, walking in the same direction. He seemed weary and exhausted, and looked anxiously at the houses on each side as he moved along.

"Marie," I cried, "Marie! Does not he remind you a little——"

"Oh, Alphonse! it must be he! it is your father!"

We ran hastily towards him.

At the sound of footsteps he turned, and cast a troubled glance behind.

It was indeed he. Oh what joy was ours!

When our first embraces were over, and he had kissed Marie again and again, we pressed him with a thousand questions. But he seemed quite dazed, like a man suddenly awakened from a bad dream.

"Do not ask now," he gasped. "Let us go home!"

"But tell me one thing, father," I entreated. "Just one thing. Monsieur Durand, the Archbishop? What——?"

He turned on me a gaze of horror, like a man who remembers some hideous spectacle.

"Ask me not," he said. "They are in Paradise."

The look, the words struck me. It was not his wont to use such expressions as these. Marie and I stole a glance at one another.

"Oh, father!" I said. "Oh, my God!" and I added, "*Requiescant!*"

"*Requiescant!*" he murmured, with parched and quivering lips.

We said no more.

Who can describe the joy of that re-

turn to the little flat in the Rue Gaspard? Who, the excitement with which I tried to prepare my mother and poor old granny for the joyful realisation of their prayers and hopes? Who, his entrance on Marie's arm into our tiny room? Surely we felt as if in all the world there never had been joy like ours.

By degrees we learnt the whole of

followed instinctively the sad procession. The prisoners were led down the staircase into the courtyard amidst the coarse jests and execrations of the soldiers. A file of men was drawn up in front of the infirmary. Then their names were called. Each answered in turn. The Archbishop advanced and spoke to the soldiers, two of whom fell



Scene RIGHT.

"IT MUST BE HE! IT IS YOUR FATHER!"

his story. How he had been confined in a cell near that of the Archbishop, and on the following day, when the insurgents had been driven back upon La Roquette, he had heard cries raised of "Death to the hostages! Death to the Versailles banditti!" Each cell was then opened in turn. "Is Citizen Darboy here?" a man enquired. The passage was filled by a crowd of Federalists with rifles on their shoulders. The doors in his corridor were all left open, but only the priests were dragged out. He seemed to be forgotten, and

on their knees and demanded his forgiveness. Then the rifles rang out, again, and again, and again, and all was over. Only six or eight were shot on this occasion. What had happened since he did not know.

"But how had he himself escaped?"

Well, he was standing, half stupefied, by the infirmary door, waiting his turn, when the door was opened behind him, and a woman made a sign to him to enter. In the room he recognised the same man who had taken pity on me, and had helped my escape.

"Listen to me!" he whispered to my father, "The Versaillais are coming nearer. Do you not hear the fight? it is raging in Père la Chaise. Put on this cap of a hospital attendant, and walk straight to the gate. You will most likely get out. Do not fear!"

He did as he was told, and found himself free.

Then came a further difficulty. How was he to pass the cordon of the besieging troops? How get through the circle of fire which ringed round the insurgents in its deadly embrace? He had worked first at a barricade which was being hastily raised in a side street, and presently contrived to get beyond the insurgents' line. Flinging his cap into a corner, lest it should betray him, he advanced bareheaded till he met a company of soldiers. These seized and questioned him, but did not seem to think it worth while to detain him. Thus at length, tired and exhausted, he had reached the Madeleine.

The reader may anticipate the rest of my story. How many more of the so-called hostages were cruelly massacred; how remorselessly the invading troops, as they fought their way through the streets, shot all whom they found with

arms in their hands, including many, both men and women, of the organised gangs of incendiaries; how at length La Roquette was taken and the rest of the prisoners were saved from a cruel death; how, finally, the last insurgents surrendered at discretion amidst the smoking ruins of once beautiful Paris is matter of history.

For ourselves, too, there is not much more to say.

When a few years had passed, and I was earning enough wages to justify the step, there was a very pretty wedding solemnised by M. le Curé at our parish church, in which I bore a not insignificant part. Who was the principal person I need hardly say, or how beautiful my sweet Marie looked as she knelt at the altar for the nuptial blessing. It was a happy day indeed. My father, who had become one of us in his religious observances ever since that awful object lesson in the Rue de la Roquette, was with us in the church; and, afterwards, in the *cabaret* in the Bois, raised his glass of champagne to drink the health of as happy a bride and bridegroom as have ever set themselves to walk the chequered path of life, hand clasped in hand.





LEAVING LONDON BRIDGE.

Impressions of Ostend

WRITTEN BY A HENRIQUES VALENTINE. ILLUSTRATED BY
PHOTOGRAPHS

ONE of the most remarkable features in connection with an average Englishman's holiday—and his holiday is a regular institution with him—is the advance made in recent years in the facilities that have been placed in his way of enlarging the scope of his insular views by a visit to the Continent. A little more than a quarter of a century ago "doing the Continent" meant a luxury that only the wealthy and upper middle classes could enjoy, but modern enterprise, competition, and travelling improvements have been the means of bringing a visit abroad well within the

grasp of the ordinary middle classes. "Doing the Continent" is no more the sole privilege of the rich, for the City clerk, with his hundred a year, the small shopkeeper, or even his assistant, relate their experiences at some near watering place on the French and Belgian littoral, with as much gusto as they used to speak of their excursion to Margate or Yarmouth sands.

Cheap touring trips have been the main factor in bringing the Continent within touch of the masses. What Cook did on an elaborate scale for his prosperous patrons has been followed in a more modest way by other companies, and "follow the man from Cook's" has

been the by-word that has set the tripper's machinery in motion. But if one were to particularise one factor more influential than another in this respect, without making any invidious distinction, he would assuredly have to individualise the "Marguerite" steamer as the mighty atom which has wrought the change. The cheap trips to Boulogne and Ostend, inaugurated by the Palace Steamship Company, have been a blessing to thousands who had never before left the shores of this tight little isle. Some three or four decades since a voyage to France or Belgium to *voir polloi* would have been regarded as an unheard of luxury, involving an unpardonable outlay of hard-earned savings, but now they can go to either country by one of the finest Channel steamers afloat, and back to Old England for the modest sum of some thirteen shillings.

It is really wonderful how popular the "Marguerite" is with the masses. Although she is not in marine vernacular a lucky boat, the tripper will cling to her with dogged pluck. Served by her remarkable speed, her size, and her perfection of machinery, the tripper accepts every opportunity of facing the horrors of the deep and seasickness by crossing in his favourite. And what an object lesson it is to be on board of her when she is bound, full of passengers, for gay Ostend! Mind you, they are not all trippers. Every class is well represented. You see the staid and steady Britisher, with his highly respectable daughters, who does the Continent every year; you see the familiar English sharp who "does" the continental in as regular and complete a manner; you see the sporting tourist who intends indulging his speculative instinct during his holiday by having a flutter at the tables; you see your butcher and your butterman, who are tired of the seductive charms of Southend and aspire to something higher; and last and not least, you see the one-day tripper, who will go to Ostend and back in a day, and risk twelve hours of sea-sickness (and he usually gets it, as he is generally a bad sailor) in order to boast that he has been abroad.

What a sight the spacious deck of the

"Marguerite" presents on these occasions! The saloon deck is uninteresting in comparison, but if you want to see all sorts and conditions of men, you must go aft. Sometimes the tripper is more rowdy than at other times, and on the occasion I crossed, I was particularly unlucky, as the boat carried a strong contingent of 'Arries and 'Arriets bound for merry Margate from the neighbourhood of the docks, who were, according to their distinctive phraseology, "out for a beano." The principal and most popular feature of the "beano" function is a continuous quaffing of beer from a two-gallon stone jar, which is emptied and replenished with a perseverance which speaks volumes for the rowdy tripper's stamina. Carrying the jar when it is empty, even on shore, is considered no degradation, but the reverse, and 'Arry proudly shoulders his burden with as much pride and sense of dignity as the soldier would his flag. There is a survival of a very old and honoured custom in the emptying of this jar. Substitute beer for the wine of our forefathers and a two-gallon stone jar for the quaint flagon, and you will see that in these unromantic days the Ceremony of the Loving Cup has not died out—at least, the plebeian interpretation thereof.

These persistent attempts to keep alive the ancestral custom are accompanied by snatches of songs, which are selected, I suppose, because of their utter inappropriateness. The ingenuity of mind exercised in this respect is perfectly diabolical. The most popular air chanted on these occasions is that which ends with the cheering refrain:

Down I go in the angry foam,
With he ship I love.

The effect of such songs upon nervous passengers is easily imagined, and the only rest from the persecution arises when the boat begins to rock and all 'Arry's enthusiasm is lost in a speedy and unheroic attempt to gain the ship's side, when the qualms of the sea tell their inevitable tale.

Such interludes as these are particularly unpleasant to the respectable passengers, but they can hardly be avoided. They are more frequent at week-ends than in the middle of the week; and, what is more fortunate still,

'Arry's destination is more often Margate than Boulogne or Ostend, for when the boat stops at the well-known jetty, the majority of the rowdy division make a rapid landing, especially if the water is a bit rough.

Ostend might be termed a town of mushroom growth. Probably no city in Europe has undergone such a rapid transition in the last few years as the gay Belgian watering resort. English enterprise has had most to do with the development of Ostend, and everywhere you go you see convincing illustrations of this fact. When you arrive at the

which centres itself round the Kursaal, the Digue (the "front"), and the Plage or the sands. This is more especially the case in the streets which abound near the quay, which are particularly patronised by the trippers. In the less fashionable quarters you see shops having a distinctively English exterior. The intelligent foreigner panders to British taste when he caters for "Afternoon Teas" or "Beefsteak, rs." (*sic*). Even the coinage has an unmistakable ring of Albion, and the shilling in marking the price of articles usurps the place of the "franc 25."



BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—THE "MARGUERITE" AT THE QUAY-SIDE

quay, amidst a babel of voices and different tongues, broken English is very discernible. The street-arab speaks English, and he will offer to carry your bag, or the cab-driver will ask you where you are staying in very excellent Anglo-Saxon. Arrived at your hotel, you hear English on every side, from the *concierge* to the Flemish *domestique*, who is not as a rule blessed with a superabundance of good looks. The waiters are veritable linguists, and so perfectly do some of them speak our vernacular that it is difficult to believe that you are speaking to a "foreigner."

The town itself is just as English as the more fashionable neighbourhood

Ostend even boasts its A.B.C. Tea Rooms, which, although under English management, have nothing whatever to do with the Aerated Bread Company.

In the Rue Iseghen, a beautiful boulevard containing some most imposing-looking shops, there is an establishment got up on an entirely English and Scotch model, a kind of combination of Redfern and Scott Adie, which rejoices in the name, decorated in large gilt letters above the window, of "Old England," while, almost facing, there is a souvenir of Charles Dickens in the "Old Curiosity Shop," which is naturally stored with bric-à-brac. Even the "Marguerite" is not forgotten, as one of the artistic

villas, near the quay side, is a convincing illustration of appropriate nomenclature, inasmuch as it bears the name of the "Villa Marguerite."

The villas are to our insular tastes one of the prettiest features in Ostend. Nearly the entire length of the Digue, and in many of the neighbouring side streets, beautifully constructed villas meet the eye, instead of the ugly boarding-houses and "Apartments" which abound in our seaside resorts. It is difficult to say which is the prettier—the interior or the exterior. Many of them are owned by private families who pass their holiday at Ostend and close them for the rest of the year, while

which is heard to the best advantage from the terrace, where you can sit and sip coffee, or something stronger, in sound of the entrancing music and in sight of the restless sea. After the concert there is generally a ball, and then "the tables," whose allurements very few have the courage to resist. To play at the tables, you must be a member of the Kursaal or the "Cercle des Etrangers," but this is only a formal affair. Twenty francs constitutes membership, and you are therefore paying a premium to go in and lose your money. Others of a less speculative turn of mind avoid the gambling clubs and listen to the admirable concerts of the cafés with which



STREET SCENE AT OSTEND

others are rented in the ordinary way. A villa on the front is frightfully expensive, as much as £50 a week being paid at times in the season, but they are not generally patronised by the wealthy English people, who prefer the gaiety and luxurious magnificence of the Hôtels Continental and Splendid to the quiet charm of the villa. In the evening you can see clean through the drawing-rooms of the villa, which open right on to the street, and a pretty picture is presented of the room in its dark mahogany wainscoting, colour being given to it by the lamps which are covered with shades of the most delicate red or yellow silk. The dinner over, the better classes flock to the Kursaal, there to listen to the strains of the magnificent orchestra,

Ostend abounds. These entertainments are free, but are more generally patronised by foreigners (i.e., not English), who sip back to their hearts' content till long past midnight.

One cannot write an account of the gaiety of *le bon Ostend* without a reference to the bathing, which is one of the great delights of the place. Of course, it is mixed in both senses of the word, and almost every nationality is represented at the machines, which are counted by the hundred, before luncheon. Miss Connie Ediss must have had this *ville-sur-mer* in her eye when she sang that to wear a bathing dress of a half-a-yard or less is scarcely thought sufficient for a lady, as many of the daughters of *la belle France* disport themselves in

pretty costumes which would bring a blush to the cheek of dear old Mrs. Grundy. If the dress of the ladies, or rather the lack of it, is striking to an Englishman's notions, that of the French gentlemen is more so, as the most fastidious go down to the machines decked out in their most finished sartorial appurtenances, like the plates in a fashion book, in which yellow kid gloves form a prominent feature. Fancy going down to bathe with lemon-coloured kid gloves! These Frenchmen think they make a great impression, dressed in a manner they call smart. They certainly do, for you turn away from the unmanly-looking set with a feeling akin to contempt.

There are other sights at Ostend which strike the average Englishman as curious and unnecessary, such as the drawing of tradesmen's carts by dogs, which is cruel and unsportsmanlike. It would seem that the average Bel-

gians do not understand a dog's nobler instincts. The way in which the horses are whipped by the cab-drivers, and by the men who let them out for hire on the Plage, is sickening. Sometimes the poor brutes are taken out by "sportsmen" for a ride across country, and they are brought back with the blood streaming down their flanks—a persuasive illustration that the Belgian knows the value of a spur. No argument will convince a Belgian that he is acting cruelly, and the remonstrance will only afford him another proof of the idiosyncrasies of the "mad Englishman."

But, taking away these imperfections, Ostend is an ideal place for a holiday; and, judging from the numerous signs of its development, it is likely in course of time to usurp the position that Monte Carlo has held in the minds of Englishmen and women for so many uninterrupted years.



The Australian Cricketers and their Performances in England

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS OF SOME MEMBERS OF THE TEAM.



THE Australians have every reason to be satisfied with themselves and the result of their last visit to England. To take part in thirty-three matches, and to win sixteen as against only three defeats, constitutes a wonderful record, and the character of the victories makes that record all the more remarkable, if it be possible. That the visitors should have won the rubber in the test matches, besides signally defeating the M.C.C., on the two occasions England's premier club was met, needs must have achieved the summit of their ambition. In the light of such deeds of prowess, they can well afford to bequeath us the defeats they sustained at the hands of Essex, Surrey and Kent. On our part, we must be thankful for small mercies, not omitting to congratulate the victorious counties on their hard-earned successes.

Worse than useless is the attempt to draw comparisons between the present Australian team and Murdoch's famous side of 1882—the conditions under which cricket is now played have so changed since those early days. Some bold authorities on the game may be drawn into attempting the impossible, though we as Englishmen should rest satisfied with the dearly-bought knowledge that Darling and his men have for the time being more than established themselves our equals. It will, I think, be generally acknowledged that the Cornstalks owe their high estate rather

to their collective ability than to the phenomenal merits of any individual member of the side. Our visitors never know when they are beaten, a happy conceit which has caused their opponents considerable disappointment on quite a number of occasions. Imagine a team facing a total of 436 in a three days' match, opening their innings in disastrous fashion, yet pulling through by ten wickets. This is the treatment the Australians meted out to Cambridge University. There is no denying the indictment that the colonials have more than once played painfully slow cricket—give me our batting before theirs, any day—but on this memorable afternoon, when it dawned upon them that a victory was just within the bounds of possibility, Jones and Howell hit in such determined fashion that they added over a hundred in less than three-quarters of an hour. The fact of the matter is they draw their eleven from batsmen who can take wickets, and bowlers who can make runs, an amicable arrangement highly conducive to a successful tour.

Looking on the other side of the picture, our leading bowlers are rarely encouraged to pay adequate attention to their batting. Consequently when such men as Young, Bradley, Rhodes and Jack Hearn make runs in an important match, everybody is pleasantly surprised. Again, our fielding does not bear comparison with the smart work of the enemy. Too many comparatively easy catches are missed, whilst less energy, less keenness, seem to be infused into the movements of our men. Exceptions

there are, such as M'Laren, little Quaife, and one or two others; but the painful fact remains that we are beaten—aye, beaten badly—in a department of the game for which there can absolutely be no excuse advanced. As W. S. Gilbert would say, "Here's a state of things, here's a pretty mess!" Seriously it behoves us to remedy matters by the time the Colonials pay us their next visit.

So much has been written in regard to the test matches that really little

mounted by curtailing the number of test matches and setting aside a week to each engagement.

Darling has captained the team with rare judgment and resource, ever rising above the difficulties of the situation, though anxious moments must often have engaged his attention both on the cricket-field and off it. How trying the enforced absence of Hill, Iredale and Worrall from many of the matches. The first-named underwent an operation



M. A. NOBLE

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

remains to be added on the subject. Grievous disappointment was naturally caused by the repeated draws which attended the results of these important encounters. *Experientia docet*, so they impress on you at school; and doubtless provision will be made in the future to prevent a repetition of so vexatious a chapter in the annals of cricket. In all probability the difficulty will be sur-

mounted by curtailing the number of test matches and setting aside a week to each engagement. Darling has captained the team with rare judgment and resource, ever rising above the difficulties of the situation, though anxious moments must often have engaged his attention both on the cricket-field and off it. How trying the enforced absence of Hill, Iredale and Worrall from many of the matches. The first-named underwent an operation

kind dealt out to the Englishmen over in Australia. Such scenes, whether they originate in the old country or Australia, are equally regrettable and annoying. They only emphasise the crass ignorance of a certain section of the onlookers, and should be treated with silent contempt by the players themselves. Darling has set the praiseworthy example of holding a discreet silence in the face of petty provocation, and it is to be hoped that in the future any similar disturbances will not be made the medium of idle excuses and public discussion. The question is one to be thrashed out in committee, not bruited about from the house-tops.

Dealing at some length with the salient features of the tour, the Australians opened their campaign with a match against the South of England at the Crystal Palace, where they enjoyed all the best of a drawn game. Gregory is apparently very quick out of the slips, as against the Southerners he subscribed 124, a fine performance, vividly recalling to mind the fact that the little man was also the first member of the previous Australian team to gain three figures. To complete the coincidence, both innings were played at Sydenham. Another New South Wales batsman also found the combination, Southerners and Sydenham, very much to his liking. I refer to Noble, whose faultless 116 not out, the fore-runner of many a great effort, created a most favourable impression. Indeed, if we except Massie's slashing *début* against the Dark Blues in 1882, no Colonial has ever made a more successful first appearance in this country. Thus early in the tour Jones took the opportunity of demonstrating to the complete satisfaction of our cracks that he had not lost any of his pace, as some of the Australian critics had averred; whilst Noble made the ball to swerve most bewilderingly in its evolutions through the air, and Trumble bowled with all his old-

time precision. Following on the heels of so brilliant a send-off, it fairly staggered one to find the visitors defeated by Essex in the first county fixture of their season. That the wicket was treacherous and the light not of the best cannot be gainsaid. For all that, their downfall must be attributed rather to the destructive bowling of Young, a local trundler of great promise. He made the ball come in in unexpected fashion, and at a pace which completely baffled the batsmen, who, for once in a way, miserably failed to adapt their methods to the surroundings. Young's eleven wickets cost only 74 runs, and the second innings of the Cornstalks produced 73, the low-water-mark for the tour.

Nowise disheartened by their reverse at Leyton, the Australians adopted more resolute tactics against Surrey, although at the Oval the play on both sides was overshadowed by the extraordinary



W. P. HOWELL.

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester



J. WORRALL

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

bowling of Howell. His initial appearance in English cricket, he was given a trial with the Surrey total standing at 39 for no wicket, and so effectively did he bowl that the whole side were dismissed for 114, Howell having secured all ten wickets for 28 runs—a wonderful feat, and one that has only once been accomplished in a game between the two countries. The former record was established as far back as September, 1878, when, curious to relate, on the same enclosure, a Surrey player, in the person of Edward Barratt, for the Players of England, captured every wicket of the first Australian team to visit these shores. Another startling piece of bowling, this journey by Trumble, enabled the visitors to claim an easy victory over a strong England eleven. Just when a draw seemed imminent, the Victorian had another try, and met with such striking success that in the course of eight overs he had

sent back six of the side for eight runs, Shrewsbury, Alec. Hearne, Trott, and Lilley among the victims. Considerable importance was attached to the visit of the Colonials to Old Trafford, on May 25th, as on this occasion a slow wicket was their portion. That they came out of the trial with flying colours must be acknowledged, seeing that the Lancastrians were pulverised by an innings and 84 runs. Trumper seized the opportunity to play a beautiful innings of 82, and his inclusion in the team as reserve man must, in the light of subsequent events, be regarded as an inspired move on the part of the Selection Committee. For the County Tyldesley notched more than half the runs in either innings. To F. H. B. Champain, the Oxford captain, fell the distinction of notching the first century against the voyagers, the only three-figure contribution, by the way, scored against them during May. Yet the draw went all against the Dark Blues, Darling paying a welcome return to form, while Noble compiled 86 and 100

not out.

We now come to the opening game in the eventful rubber, the Nottingham test match. It is my belief that had not the Australians been guilty of a grave error of judgment—I refer to their slow cricket on the first day—the draw which ensued would have been converted into a Colonial victory. As it was, England owed her narrow escape from ignominious defeat to Ranjitsinhji, whose not-out 93 bore off the honours of the match. Hill and Noble were mainly responsible for the lead their side held from start to finish.

Decisive victories over the M.C.C. and Cambridge University followed, Hill continuing in rare form, contributing 132 against the Club and 100 against the 'Varsity. The next item, the second match with Yorkshire, was noteworthy for the remarkable success of an Englishman, J. T. Brown playing two superb innings of 84 and 167

respectively, the Australian attack appearing very poor stuff. Victory, however, was denied the Northerners, who at the close of the game were glad enough to get off with a draw, consistent batting in the second venture of the visitors and a century from Worrall bringing about the result.

To proceed: hardly had the curtain been rung down on the first test match, than there arose a general outcry for younger blood, and apparently the

and it must not be forgotten that his 135 were made when the game was in a very critical state. He may not be an attractive batsman to watch, mainly relying for his runs on the leg side, but few men can boast a sounder defence, and to have averaged sixty runs an innings in the test matches proclaims him as one of the greatest batsmen of the age. Whilst realising this, we grant that an infinitely brighter and more graceful exhibition was afforded by



V. TRUMPER

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

Selection Committee were not altogether unmindful of the trend of popular opinion when they made their choice of the eleven to do battle for the old country at Lord's. We are all conversant with the *dénouement*, and heartily join in paying our tribute to Australia on her magnificent triumph. All honour to her. Hill has played many fine innings, notably in the more important fixtures,

Trumper, who carried out his bat for exactly the same number of runs as had been scored by his *confrère*. That he should have obtained his first century in this country in a test match furnishes a unique feat. Far away the most stylish batsman in Australia, judges of the game predict for the Benjamin of the team a brilliant future. Turning to the visitors' attack,

Jones's seven wickets for 88 in England's first innings went a long way towards gaining so substantial a victory. The fastest bowler in the world, all sorts and conditions of wickets seem to come alike to him, and considering his furious pace the wonderful length he keeps is positively astonishing.

In succession, Oxford University Past and Present, Leicestershire, and Derbyshire were unable to extend the visitors. The hunting shire, indeed, looked like presenting the Australians with a new record, as Noble and Jones captured seven of their wickets for 4 runs. However, the total eventually reached 28, Noble's share being seven wickets for 15 runs. Worrall in this match played another dashing three-figure innings, whilst against Derbyshire centuries were as plentiful as blackberries—Noble, Darling, and Trumble to the fore. McLeod's batting had cruelly disappointed his admirers, but he was, off and on, putting in some useful work with the ball, securing eight wickets for 58 against the Oxonians and six for 89 in Derbyshire's second venture.

The Leeds Test Match was in some respects the most sensational of the series, and it was a matter for supreme regret that the fight could not have been waged to the bitter end. On Darling winning the toss, Worrall very wisely adopted forcing tactics, but for a time could get no one to stay with him. Kelly, Gregory, and Noble actually failed to notch a run between them; thus it happened that three good wickets were down for 24. Hill stayed the rot, but at 95 Worrall, who had subscribed 76 of the number, was foolishly run out. It was a thousand pities, as Worrall was playing a great game and deserved better luck. Unlike the majority of hitters, the Victorian hits only when such a policy is justifiable, yet as an attacking batsman he stands out head and shoulders above his companions. Harking back to the play, the Australians

were all out for 172. England's turn now came, and a plucky and invaluable stand by Hayward and Lilley gave the home country a lead of 48 on the first innings. Worrall and Darling set about getting back their own with such confidence that they seemed likely to easily hit off the arrears before the fall of a wicket, when one of those surprises for which cricket is famous occurred. Worrall was caught in the country, and then Jack Hearn promptly disposed of Hill, Noble, and Gregory with successive balls, thus securing the "hat trick," amidst a scene of indescribable enthusiasm and excitement. England at this stage appeared to have the game well in hand, when we were forcibly reminded that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, for Kelly, Trumper, Trumble, and Laver coming to the rescue, made so determined a resistance that gradually our advantage grew beautifully less, until finally the vanishing point was



F. LAVER

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

reached. What the result would have been had not rain caused the match to be abandoned will ever remain a debatable problem.

Comparatively little interest or importance attaches to the next few games, if we except the handsome victory the Australians gained over an eleven selected from the Midland Counties. I shall therefore hurry on to the memorable test game at Old Trafford. Here it will be remembered that an absolutely faultless innings of 130 by Hayward, backed up by some plucky batting on the part of Lilley, Young, and Bradley, placed England on velvet. Nor is it ever likely to be forgotten how for the best part of two days the Australians not only fought an uphill battle but actually recovered their lost ground. To Noble, of course, belongs the chief credit of the performance. He defied the bowling of Young, Bradley, Hearne, and Co. for upwards of eight hours, his wonderful patience and perseverance being rewarded, in cricket currency, with scores of 80 not out and 89. The pluck and determination he evinced in the accomplishment of such an herculean task were in every respect worthy of the best traditions of the Australians. In fairness to Trumper, Darling, Worrall, and Iredale, I would add that the part they played in the piece was only second to Noble.

Heavy scoring was associated with the draw against W. G. Grace's XI., Iredale playing one of his best innings. At this stage in the tour's proceedings twenty-two matches had been played, and the Australians had only once suffered defeat. The experience was now about to be reversed, Surrey avenging the disaster they sustained earlier in the season. Some excuse was forthcoming for this the visitors' second reverse, for they were necessarily much handicapped by the absence of Hill and Jones, whilst Iredale was unable to bat a second time. Unlike Essex, Surrey owed their success to a grand batting performance, young Hayes contributing a brilliant 131. It seems incredible that on the occasion of such a defeat Trumble should have taken thirteen wickets for 172. The visit to Brighton created quite a sheaf of records. C. B. Fry's 181

was the tallest individual innings scored against the visitors this summer, while the Australians' reply to the Sussex total was in its turn the highest contribution of their tour, viz., 624 for four wickets. Trumper, the hero of the match, covered himself with glory by beating all previous Australian records, Murdoch's 286 not out, made in a similar fixture, having heretofore stood the test of time since 1882. In the course of his huge innings of 300 not out Trumper only gave one chance, and that in the last over he received.

After experiencing all the worst of the first day's play against the M.C.C., the Australians, who never seem so happy as when engaged in an uphill game, ultimately enjoyed the satisfaction of defeating the Club by nine wickets. Much of the credit of the victory belonged to Darling, whose 128 undoubtedly got his team out of a tightish hole. Throughout the whole campaign the Australians, at what is ordinarily regarded as the tail end of the animal, have shown a rapacious appetite when confronted with difficulties, and on the second day against Warwickshire, by resolute hitting, they turned an even game into a one-sided victory, Kelly's pluck meeting its reward in the guise of his first century—the dream of his life.

The tension of the test matches must be followed by a sort of reaction, and it is therefore not altogether surprising to find Kent pop in and snatch a narrow victory from the Cornstalks. The success, coming as it did on the eve of the final test match, was, to say the least of it, encouraging to our countrymen. As all the world knows, the Oval was the venue where England was afforded her last opportunity of getting on terms. Our representatives made no mistake this time, F. S. Jackson and Hayward establishing a first wicket record against the Australians in a big match, their partnership realising 185. The full total of 576, of course, left the opposition nothing to play for except a draw, and right royally did they effect their purpose. Following on, they succeeded in gaining a lead of 30 runs, having still five wickets to go down, Gregory, Worrall, Noble, and McLeod reminding us once

more than on a good wicket three days does not allow time enough to dismiss them twice. McLeod's success with the willow in the only test match in which he played a part must have been especially gratifying to him. Apart from one or two solitary efforts, he has failed to do justice to his batting, shining rather as a very useful medium-pace bowler. Writing of McLeod in the May number of *THE LUDGATE*, I recollect that I volun-

defeated by the hop county, McLeod could point to the same number of victims at a cost of 128 runs.

Laver is an ugly enough bat in all conscience, yet he has assuredly justified his selection, claiming as he can an average of over 30. When his countrymen visited Somerset on the Taunton ground, he astonished the natives by scoring 143; and, with his name added to the list of century makers, all the Australians, save McLeod, Jones,



E. MCLEOD

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

teered the opinion that he would make his mark rather as a bowler than as a batsman. Since then his performances over here have certainly justified me in my estimate of his play. Referring to a couple of his best performances with the ball, at Lord's, McLeod and Jones bowled unchanged throughout the two innings of Middlesex, dividing the wickets between them; whilst, when

Howell, and Johns, had at some time or other made centuries against our bowling, a record that has never been approached. The close of the tour was now rapidly approaching, draws with Somerset, Lancashire, and Mr. Thornton's XI. heralding the final act. Trumble had in the meanwhile gained the distinction of aggregating 1,000 runs, and securing a hundred wickets;

whilst Darling, who had doubtless suffered from the cares of office, was now in simply irresistible form. Once the test matches off his chest, and he settled into his stride, although usually resting content to play a quiet game. Howbeit, in the last few matches he threw caution to the winds, and meted out severe punishment in reproachless style. It was peculiarly appropriate that he should have wound up the

season against the South of England with a brilliant innings of 167, and that his efforts should have been crowned with success. It is also worthy of notice that the Colonial skipper, who, alone of the voyagers, took part in every game, wound up the season top of the batting averages. However, as in the bowling, so in the batting, the honours of the expedition were pretty evenly distributed.



A CIRCLET of DEATH

WRITTEN BY JANET A. McCULLOCH. ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. GILLINGWATER

IT was the first night of a gorgeous spectacular drama; the theatre would be crammed, as the two ladies—Mrs. Bertram and Mrs. O'Hara, waiting for the husband of the former and the announcement of the carriage, and chatting brightly—knew.

"Oh, Elinor, I have broken one of my bracelets, and I haven't another here. Can you lend me one?" The younger lady, Mrs. O'Hara, was the speaker, and she held out a fair white arm.

"What a pity. I'll go and ransack my case, and see," answered Mrs. Bertram.

"Never mind—this will do beautifully, it is so quaint," said the other (she was only a girl, and a very pretty one), lifting something from a small tray of curiosities near her.

It was indeed quaint: a tiny serpent in the form of a ring, its head and tail loosely twisted to make the circle. It seemed to be of stone, darkly mottled, smooth, but unpolished; its eyes appeared to be small emeralds, not over bright. Quaint it might be; but it certainly looked rather a sombre ornament.

"Why, where did you get such a queer thing?" asked Mrs. O'Hara, slipping it over her hand.

"I found it beside Hugh's trunk to-day. I suppose he must have bought

it when we were in Egypt," said Mrs. Bertram. "It fills me with disgust. I loathe serpents, so I think he kept it himself. It is an ugly creature."

Mrs. O'Hara laughed.

"Now, paradoxical as it sounds, its ugliness is its beauty," she declared. "But what a jump from the grand to the commonplace; from the banks of the Nile to the barracks of Maryhill. That's an asp, of course; isn't it? An imitation of those deadly little wretches that lurked among the lilies, their bite certain and swift death. It calls up all sorts of memories of Egypt, of the Pharaohs and Cleopatra. But here is the Colonel; we must hurry."

They hurried down. They were rather late, and they were to have Colonel Bertram's escort only, as Captain O'Hara would follow later.

"Kathleen broke her bracelet, Hugh, so she has one of your queer Egyptian relics instead," were Mrs. Bertram's first words, as they settled down for the somewhat long drive.

"Which one could you convert to such a use, my dear?" asked the fatherly old Colonel, who was very fond of the bright girl-wife of his junior.

In reply, Kathleen O'Hara held up her wrist.

"Where did you get *that*, Elinor?" demanded the Colonel, sharply.

"On the floor in your dressing-room. I suppose it dropped out when you were

looking for something else. It was beside the box Flynn never touches. I put it in the drawing-room, but forgot to tell you."

Mrs. Bertram was a serene, self-possessed woman, and explained the matter calmly; but had she been able to see her husband's face in the dark corner, she would have been startled. For upon that weather-beaten countenance was an expression she had never in all their married life of thirty years seen there before—*fear*.

The theatre was overflowing—not a seat empty. As she swept the house with her lorgnette, many known faces were discovered by Mrs. Bertram. She did not notice the momentary absence of the Colonel, nor see the note-book-leaf and coin slipped into the hand of an attendant—did not catch the few hurried words whispered.

"Take that to the white-haired man at the end of the second row of stall seats. It is urgent, life or death depends on your quickness," the Colonel had said; but on his entering the box, there was no sign of emotion or flurry whatever, as he seated himself between the ladies.

"Oh, there is Kelly in the stalls," said Kathleen.

"See, Elinor, there's one of the programme boys beside him. He's getting up to leave. Can anything be wrong?"

"Perhaps it may be something at the quarters. You had better go and see, Hugh," said Mrs. Bertram, and her husband instantly went out. But he did not go down; he waited in the corridor.

Kathleen was entranced by the scene on the stage; for a time she was absorbed. But by-and-bye she became conscious of something else; she glanced at her left wrist in pleased surprise. How lovely the Egyptian bracelet was! She had not noticed it closely before. The mottled pattern was vivid red and green, the emerald eyes had a spark of yellow flame in them. As she raised her arm to admire the gems, the girl started, caught her breath with a gasp, her fair face blanched with horror. What awful mystery was this? Was she mad or dreaming? The bracelet had slipped up her arm beyond the

glove, and now lay on the round white flesh, a soft, vivid band of gleaming colour. As she slowly lifted her trembling arm, the yellow-green eyes seemed to sparkle with cruel malignity, the tiny body to writhe and press itself closer around her arm. And oh, horror of horrors! from the lips two slender needle-like fangs darted out and in, quivering and scintillating threateningly, as though they would deal instant death at the slightest touch upon the reptile's body. It was awful, monstrous, to realise that the creature that had been for ages a hard, stone-like, lifeless mummy, had, by the contact of her warm living flesh, revived in all its deadly strength and power. But even as she realised the incredible truth, the brave girl—and Irish girls are braver than most—realised also all that depended upon her actions. Did she move hastily, death swift and sure must be her portion. Did she shriek, as her terror bade her do, a panic would ensue in the crowded house, with what fearful results she was well aware. On the one side was death for her *alone* and helpless; on the other, the death of hundreds, perhaps, not one of whom could have aided her in the smallest. A great dry sob rose in her throat at the thought of her own youth and terrible fate; then she bent her head, and prayed passionately, wildly, that her husband might come in time; that his face might be the last she should see, his voice the last she should hear, ere she passed into the Unknown, from whence this hideous creature had crept forth to destroy her. And, serenely calm, Mrs. Bertram sat near, gazing at the mimic tragedy on the stage, utterly unconscious of the sadder, more horrible tragedy being silently enacted beside her.

To the Colonel, waiting in the corridor outside, the white-haired, cheery-faced man came quickly. He began speaking the moment he came near.

"Well, Colonel, what's up? Anything amiss?" was his salutation; and in answer the other spoke a few sentences in his ear. The florid face of the regimental doctor blanched to death-like pallor.

"Holy Virgin! not that, surely?" he said hoarsely.

The Colonel nodded, but indeed his face revealed enough.

"It is Heaven's truth, Jim. That rascally Arab did not lie. But how horrible to think that a deadly creature could be hypnotised, and its life suspended for thousands of years, not to wake till the warm, living arm of an innocent girl should raise it into vitality and action. These hellish worshippers and priests of Ram and Osiris possessed some fearful secrets of life and death,

old friend, is there no poison or acid, or something, that can kill it off without harming her? For remember, the least irritation, the smallest motion or touch means"—he moistened his dry lips—"death, certain and agonising."

Dr. Kelly shook his head; he could not speak a word of comfort in answer to the frantic appeal. These two were friends and comrades of long standing: the one had been doctor of the crack Irish regiment as long as the other had



"WELL, COLONEL, WHAT'S UP?"

though few in this enlightened nineteenth century can believe it." The Colonel spoke with repressed excitement.

"How could you let her put it on?" demanded Kelly, with a groan of horror.

"I never thought the thing *could* happen. Not till we came into the theatre did I see it properly. Then I saw—too late to remove it. Jim, Jim,

been its colonel. Now they stood helpless, as they had never done in any emergency all the years they had served together.

"Will it not uncoil, and drop of its own accord? Can we not wait? After awhile it may glide away," suggested the doctor. His friend turned fiercely:

"And let the poor girl die of horror and despair! Oh, Jim, you *must* do

something. O'Hara will be here in a little while, and you know him." Colonel Bertram actually shook the sturdy Doctor in his mad demand for help for Kathleen.

"Let me think, Hugh. I'll maybe find a way." The doctor passed his hand across his eyes as Colonel Bertram, with a gasp of dismay, said in anguished tones:

"Quick, Jim, with your plan; there's O'Hara coming. For God's sake, man, settle something before he's told!"

But the doctor was mute—his mental faculties paralysed, as those of his friend had been. These two brave men, who had faced death many times in action, were appalled by that awful, silent danger, more terrible than the loudest thunders of battle.

Two young men approached leisurely. One was distinctly a soldier—erect, handsome, dashing. Denis O'Hara was a typical dragoon. His companion—a man tanned by exposure to all sorts of weather, wiry, agile, with not a particle of superfluous flesh—was as unmistakably a traveller—a wanderer in many lands—a sojourner in none. His free-and-easy gait, his very attire, proclaimed the fact. They came up, chattering and laughing together. Captain O'Hara spoke gaily:

"This is my friend and old school chum, Miles—the great Fred Miles, traveller, explorer, mighty hunter of big game from the Himalayas to the Rockies. He turned up as I was turning out, so I brought him along."

Then something in the old men's faces seemed to strike him; his own changed.

"What's wrong, Colonel?" he cried quickly. "Is it—is it Kathleen? Is she ill? Let me pass!"

He was rushing forward, but Colonel Bertram caught his arm firmly.

"Denis, my lad, I must speak to you before you can see her," he gasped. "She's well, but—steady yourself to bear it—she's in deadly peril."

The young soldier gave a hoarse cry.

"Where—where is she? What is it? Let me go to her." He was struggling to pass; but all three held him now, he looked so desperate.

"Listen, my dear boy," implored the

Colonel. "More depends upon your coolness than you think; you must not startle her—life and death are wavering in the balance. The least touch, the slightest show of feeling, and death will turn the scales."

Wide-eyed with horror, the young husband heard the tale of his wife's awful position. The danger seemed to freeze his very blood, to turn him to stone with the anguish of it.

"Unless she could stand the agony of red-hot pincers, I can think of nothing to kill the infernal, devil-possessed creature. There is no surety in any other plan," said Dr. Kelly at last; and O'Hara gave a shuddering moan; the Colonel drew his breath deeply. Suddenly the stranger spoke—very quietly.

"Why not shoot the beast?" he asked.

His question sent a thrill through the hearers. O'Hara turned fiercely upon him.

"And kill my darling, too," he cried hoarsely. But the other met his furious glance calmly.

"No, she need not even be grazed," he answered coolly; "and demon or no demon, it's the safest way."

His calmness had its effect upon the listeners.

"Who is to do it? I'm a fair marksman; but, heaven help me! my nerve is gone now," cried poor O'Hara, the great tears rolling down his haggard face.

"I will do it, Denis, if you'll trust me," Miles said quietly. The Colonel and Dr. Kelly gripped each a hand, too much moved to speak, and O'Hara gave one great convulsive sob.

"God bless you, Fred. Trust you? There is no man on earth I can trust as I trust you," he said brokenly, and his friend nodded.

"I always carry this," he said, drawing a revolver from his breast pocket. "I can't get over the habit, even in civilised countries. Lucky I don't," he added gravely.

The colonel touched O'Hara.

"I'll go for her, and get her out with Elinor," he said. "I'll break her danger to her; the sight of you would be added torture to the poor child.

Kelly and you see the manager, and arrange where it is to be done; then come back here to guide us. Explain as much as is needed, but not all—for mercy's sake not *all*, only enough. And keep cool, lad—think of her and keep cool, for it's life or death, remember."

Without hesitation he was obeyed. The three men hastened away, and with a prayer in his heart, Colonel Bertram opened the box door.

But the moment he entered he knew there was no need for explanation. His wife lay back in her seat, half-fainting, while Kathleen, her hand resting on the ledge of the box, turned a white, helpless face towards him; she was unable to utter a sound. He bent over her tenderly, speaking calmly.

"My love, we are going to save you," he whispered. "Come with me to Denis; he knows all. Be brave and calm, and don't move your arm."

She rose at once. Her lips quivered, but she made a mute sign of acquiescence. Mrs. Bertram, seeing her husband, hearing his words of encouragement, sat up, her wonderful self-control asserting itself, even in her mortal terror. Her husband addressed her:

"Come, Elinor, we must be brave," he said, and led the way out, just as the hum and stir around announced the falling of the curtain.

But it was not O'Hara who awaited them outside; the manager himself stood there. He hastened to explain.

"It has leaked out that Fred Miles is in the house; some one recognised him. There's a perfect mob round the room where I took him first. We must go to the wings; there's a ten minutes interval. It's best done there—there's space and light. Follow me, please."

He evidently knew what was intended, and was anxious to help. He glanced with a shudder at the reptile, but was careful to show no symptoms of fear or disgust by words.

Soon Kathleen found herself in a great wide space, the centre of a circle of strange faces. She was conscious of nothing save that Denis was not there. She heard the suppressed screams, and hysterical sobs of women, the hoarse exclamations and eager questions of men; but she gave no heed. All her

numbed senses were concentrated upon that fearsome creature, holding her spellbound. For now, excited perhaps by the glare of light, the serpent had raised its head, and was slowly swaying it from side to side, while its body seemed to become more vivid with anger; its fangs played continually, darting out and in, and its glittering eyes grew more menacing. As it turned restlessly, its gaze seemed to encounter hers; she could not withdraw her eyes from it. A mad impulse seized her to lift that smooth, flat, gleaming head, and lay it caressingly against her cheek. Suddenly there came a woman's terrified cry:

"Merciful powers, it is fascinating her! Quick! oh, be quick, or she is lost! See, she moves her arm!"

Kathleen heard neither cry nor words, nor the stir they caused, but she felt a strong, gentle hand upon her cheek, heard a quick, steady voice, a man's voice, say clearly:

"Turn your head, your husband wants to see you," and the gentle hand drew her head round firmly. She raised her eyes to see Denis close beside her, his face pale as death, but his lips trying to smile. He did not offer to touch her, but once her eyes had encountered his, she never withdrew them.

"Stand clear—ready," said the calm voice behind her. There was a rustle of garments, a sharp click of steel, a flash, a loud report, and puff of smoke over her face, and she had fallen sideways into the arms ready to receive her—her husband's.

"She is dead! she is gone!" several excited voices cried, as the actors and actresses crowded round.

"No, no, she's only faint—quick with the brandy," cried Dr. Kelly, now cool and alert.

The spirit revived her, she opened her eyes, but clung to Denis with a faint scream.

"Kill it, kill it!" she cried, recoiling in renewed terror, staring at the floor.

On the spot where she had stood, something like a fragment of variegated whip-cord lay. Head and tail had been blown to atoms, but the reptile's body still writhed and trembled as if with impotent rage. Not for long, however.



"STAND CLEAR—READY!"

With a fierce oath Colonel Bertram set his heel upon it, grinding it savagely down till nothing remained but a grey powder, like the ashes of a burnt-out cigar.

"Fred, how can I thank you for saving her?" O'Hara said, with quivering lips.

"No thanks to me, Denis, lad; your wife's pluck saved herself," answered Miles, quietly pocketing his revolver, his face aglow with honest admiration.

As Denis, carrying his wife and followed by the others, disappeared, the manager spoke a few words to his Company, in a curiously choked voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, had that little scene been acted before the audience it would have brought down the house. The man is celebrated the world over for his coolness and pluck, but the girl beat him to-night—*hollow*."

And the audience, waiting for the curtain to rise on the second act, were amazed to hear a ringing cheer from the wings as it went up.

"You would not have believed this, I suppose, if you had not been one of the principal actors?" said Colonel Bertram, as the four men sat smoking, after Kathleen, affectionately tended by Mrs. Bertram, had retired.

Fred Miles sent a long curl of smoke upwards.

"Why not?" he asked gravely. I have had some queer experiences before now, have seen some strange things in barbarous and semi-civilised countries—things that if I put them into my books would make the scientific, up-to-date world call me a liar and lunatic to my face. No, I'm not surprised; but where and how did you come across the devilish creature?"

"In a stall in Cairo. I fancied and wanted to buy it, but the old Arab wouldn't sell. He declared it wasn't a stone as I imagined, but a real asp that had been enchanted and put to sleep thousands of years ago. He asserted it would wake into all its old vitality and deadly power when a woman warmed it into life. I laughed, of course, he was hoaxing me I thought,

to get more money. I offered him more, but he wouldn't take it. A while after I was near the stall again, and found a new occupant there. The old man had died suddenly, and his nephew had annexed his stall. The nephew readily sold the 'Asp of Cleopatra,' as the old Arab had called it. My wife hates serpent ornaments, so I kept it myself till to-day, when it fell out as I searched my private stores for something else. The rest you know."

"Ah, well," the creature is settled for all time now, and, thank heaven, once Mrs. O'Hara gets over this awful shock (as she will by and by) there is no likelihood of another scare," said Miles.

"Thank heaven, not from the 'Asp of Cleopatra,' at any rate," said the Colonel, laying aside his meerschaum and rising to say good-night.

"Of course the theatre people knew nothing of the real facts of the case?" observed O'Hara tentatively.

"Nothing; I discovered that their idea was she had been experimenting with a torpid snake, so I left them in that belief," answered the Colonel grimly.

Dr. Kelly laughed slyly.

"You didn't want the newspaper men, the naturalist, the hypnotist, the scientist, and all the other 'ists' down upon you in a body like a swarm of locusts, Eh, Colonel?" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"You've hit it, Kelly—I wanted to cheat the whole confounded lot out of 'copy,' or 'new facts,' or 'startling confirmations,' and all the rest of it," was the old soldier's dry answer. "Good night, you fellows, and forget all about that cursed creature as soon as you can. I'll never say 'snake' I believe, as long as I live."

"Amen to that," said Denis O'Hara, fervently, and the other men nodded with silent understanding.



Albert Chevalier, Alfred West, Nelson Hardy

WRITTEN BY ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ALBERT CHEVALIER.

THE re-appearance of Albert Chevalier at Queen's Hall, or anywhere else, for that matter, provided it be within one's own particular radius, is ever a matter for self-congratulation; for to be present during his rendering of some of the songs which he has made world-famous, is to come as near experiencing absolute joy as the mere mortal ever attains. But to speak of him only as a singer is to fail in justice towards his wonderful power of impersonation, which makes each character of his large repertoire to literally live before one's eyes. Not by simply wearing a different set of clothes for each song does Chevalier seek to make his subject really appear before the audience, but by a dozen eminently appropriate gestures, and traits of character so artistically indicated, that when watching him the art of the actor is entirely forgotten in the perfection of his achievement. It is only in comparing the widely different personalities to which he in turn introduces the spectator, that one can have the least chance of gauging his talent. What could be more true to life than his "Old Bachelor," or "A Fallen Star," or the curate who organises "Our Bazaar?" The first and the last are personally known to us; we meet them every other day, and never part with either unreminded by some tone or look of Chevalier's "counterfeit presentment." Then his Coster's various—five distinct types—all so absolutely dissimilar, yet each one correct enough to have taken the imitator's place and be appearing in *propria persona*.

One of the most delightful attributes of Albert Chevalier's performance is the pleasure which he evidently takes in the appreciation of his audience; not, let it be hastily stated, in dread of giving a misimpression, not by any means through having an unduly exalted idea of his own value as an entertainer, but rather through a generosity of disposition which is naturally gratified when others share his satisfaction in what he cannot help knowing is artistically perfect. The spontaneous air of freshness with which he contrives to deliver even his most time-worn songs, is testimony to the great devotion which Chevalier has for his work. See him when and where you will, once dressed and made up for any one of his impersonations, the fascination of doing his very best so completely blots out the possibility of feeling the monotony of constant repetition—even to seventy times seven hundred—that one might imagine *that* his very first appearance in the part; or, rather, to be quite correct, let us say, not the first, but perhaps the sixth or seventh, for, like all sympathetic artists, Chevalier owns to being subject to nervousness, and says that he knows that only after several repetitions of a new creation does he get it near enough to his ideal for contentment.

It is, perhaps, not generally realised that Albert Chevalier was for many years on the stage as an actor before he began to "take the town by storm" as a singer. Coming of a family of actors, the stage seemed the natural destination for a youth with such a talent for imitation. He did well at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the Bancrofts, and at the Old Court Theatre with John Clayton, Arthur Cecil, and Mrs. John

Wood; and it was only through an unusually long spell of out-of-work that he took the advice of a friend who said: "Why don't you give the public some of your coster songs? We who hear you in them at the Club know perfectly well that you would be the rage, nothing less, if you would only decide to try your luck in that line."

So forthwith Chevalier "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," and so triumphant was the process that he was soon requisitioned by half the "Variety" managers in London; but each evening only afforded time for him to sing for five of them consecutively, which in itself was, one would think, quite a sufficiently large percentage for comfortable achievement by one pair of lungs. The friend who had said "You would be the rage," knew his London, for no sooner did the name of Albert Chevalier appear on the programme than the theatre was nightly filled to overflowing, and Chevalier's newest song was so perpetually hummed and whistled by all ranks of the community, that it might well have been mistaken for the National Anthem. Certainly, Chevalier reigned supreme! But then came Frohman, the unescapable Charles Frohman, who is ever on the alert, seeking whom he may entice to quit, even temporarily, the throne of London's favour in exchange

for the benefit of the more wide-spread admiration of Republican America. Chevalier's success on the other side of the Atlantic, was immediate and emphatic. Some of his songs had already reached the States, and on landing in New York the first tune that greeted his ears was "My Old Dutch." In spite of the kindly welcome which the manager

assured his new importation was waiting him at the hands of his audience, the stranger felt desperately nervous about his first appearance. But needless to say that it and every subsequent appearance during the engagement in New York was a triumph. A tour followed, during which the visit to Montreal was made memorable to Mr. Chevalier by the enthusiasm displayed by the Students at the McGill College, who, before the entertainment began, had fixed wires from the stage to the gallery, where they sat, to provide a means of transport; down the wires they slipped a stream of presents, tokens of their approval, in the shape of



ALBERT CHEVALIER AS "A FALLEN STAR"

From Photo by BERTRAM CHEVALIER

bouquets, boxes of cigars, and a handsome silver-headed walking-stick suitably inscribed. The evening was brought to a jovial close, by a witty speech from Mr. Chevalier, as he stood in the carriage at his hotel door, having been dragged from the theatre by the audience, instead of the customary horses.

To hear the hero of this, and half a-dozen equally gratifying experiences, tell of them, is at once to note how modestly he takes all the homage so lavishly bestowed, turn where he may. It is not, however, a habit of this versatile artist to choose himself and his own achievements as subjects for talk, so if we would learn particulars of the professional side of his life, the right moment must be chosen. He is a delightful companion, brimful of interesting ideas on every topic; an omnivorous reader, with a distinct preference for the classics; nothing gives him such pleasure as serious argument on somewhat abstruse subjects. Impossible to imagine a greater contrast than the two personalities of Albert Chevalier—on the stage revelling in the wild fun of "I've got 'er 'at," and an hour later, sitting at home in his cosy library, smoking the pipe of peace, whilst mildly discoursing to a kindred soul on "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," or trying a new sleight of hand trick, in which he has unusual facility, specially where cards are concerned, the neatness required in their manipulation having great fascination for him. Neatness, by the way, is one of the chief characteristics of Mr. Chevalier. It distinguishes him quite as much in his private life as it does in his public performances; all the attributes of his home in Bayswater give evidence of all-embracing orderliness. The rooms and corridors are full of flowers, yet not a fallen rose-petal, or a withered leaf does he or his charming wife ever allow in sight.

To meet Mr. Chevalier in the street, one would take him for a legal luminary, or, maybe, for a medical practitioner, so sedate of demeanour is he; but hear him speak, and the hope that he is a singer immediately supervenes, for such a melodious tone of voice should surely be utilised for public enchantment. That he is an excellent musician is testified, not only by the admirable manner in which he renders any song that he undertakes, but by the fact that several of the most popular of his songs are his own composition. The words of nearly all of them are from his pen; no mean accomplishment when one realises that they number close on forty,

that each one tells the life-story, or at least the most striking experiences, of the individual who is its *raison d'être*. Albert Chevalier does not monopolise all the music in his family, for his brother, who, for the sake of avoiding confusion, drops his surname professionally, and is known as Charles Ingle, has contributed the setting to many of his lyrics—for instance, the perennial "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," "Yer Can't 'elp Likin' 'im," and "Our Little Nipper."

ALFRED WEST.

Unapproachable as Albert Chevalier is in his delivery of his songs, it is nevertheless evident that a good deal of the success which he attains with them is due to the masterly manner in which their accompaniments are rendered on the piano by Mr. West. What it means "to play for Chevalier's songs" as he does it, is to be Chevalier's *other self*—nothing less! For, as we all know, Albert the Great, when giving one of his impersonations, is as exempt from the mere mortal's servitude to the ordinary restrictions of time as—well as the South-Western Railway, or as a late Colonial Governor of our acquaintance, who, when reproached in London for being "behind time" in keeping an



ALFRED WEST

From Photo by ALBERT CHEVALIER

appointment, excused himself by saying, "Out with us ; I am never late, for *I am Time!*" But be Chevalier's vagaries as unexpected and as disturbing as they may, Mr. West is never taken unawares—a veritable tower of strength to the most accomplished "impersonator" of the day.

For relaxation from Chevalier and all his other musical duties, this talented pianist revels in Beethoven. There is nothing so refreshing to busy folk as abrupt contrasts in occupation! Truly nothing could be less alike—though both "music"—than a Beethoven sonata, and Alfred West's four most popular songs, "Our Court Ball," "E can't take a Roise out of I," "A Fallen Star," and "An Old Bachelor." However, it is probably owing to appreciation of the rustic side of Beethoven that the second on this little list came into being ; while the accompaniment to "The Fallen Star" follows purely classical lines. Mr. West's engagement as pianist to Mr. Chevalier has during the last six years taken so much of his time that his achievements as composer have perforce been somewhat limited. He has, nevertheless managed a few serious works, including a string quartet, which is full of grace and charm.

Alfred West is what might be called, in somewhat unmusical phrase, eminently "a home product," as far as training goes ; for a few piano lessons as a child from an elder sister, in a quiet corner of the West Country were all the preparation vouchsafed him. Natural talent did the rest. When one remembers that from his eighth year he has been continuously before the public as a concert player, and that the list of his published compositions is a very long one, a strong proof is given that academic training is not indispensable for the attainment of musical distinction. As composer, Mr. West's endowments are of so eminently useful and get-atable an order, that he is ever ready to provide a suitable setting for any new character sketch which suggests itself to the fertile imagination of his associates ; he needs but to have a general idea of the type of music desired, and without more ado it is produced, always appropriate, and always fresh—thoroughly unreminiscent.

As pianist, when accompanying, Mr. West is absolute perfection—sympathetic to a most extraordinary degree ; when appearing as soloist, he justly claims a place well in the front rank of those who do not devote their whole time to the acquirement of the bewildering brilliancy of a Paderewski, or a Zwintscher, but are nevertheless admirable executants. His rendering of Chopin is specially noteworthy, and to his own compositions he gives most effective rendering. Probably to do justice to one's own work is the most attractive "labour of love" in existence.

The accompanying photograph of Mr. West was taken by Albert Chevalier—a fact which adds interest to an excellent likeness.

NELSON HARDY.

This ventriloquist, who has of late during several provincial tours and at Queen's Hall been included in the "Chevalier Recitals" programme, is, without any doubt, the cleverest exponent of a very difficult art now before the public. The ease with which he can accomplish a ventriloquial conversation between eight dummies, representing eight absolutely different types of people, is in itself proof positive of his most exceptional talent. His imitation of animals is extraordinarily true to life, and his rendering of the songs with which other artistes have made us familiar is so identical with the original exponents, that with closed eyes one would declare they must be present. Besides his power of assuming the voice of any other man, Nelson Hardy can also reproduce with absolute fidelity the little mannerisms peculiar to each of his models, making them live before us.

An amusing variety to the ordinary mimicry is when he takes his figure "Joey," the clown, upon his knee, and makes it tell one of the serio-comic stories, which it is supposed to have learnt from G. W. Knowles of music-hall fame. The effect is most grotesque, and never fails to appeal to the audience. Mr. Chevalier is also sometimes requisitioned, and "Hodge," the countryman of the ventriloquist's collection of dummies, gives a rendering of his old rustic, singing "'E can't take a roise out

of I" with equal perfection. Chevalier himself listens to it, fascinated by the echo-like verisimilitude. Never pettily fault-finding, Chevalier is yet an inexorable critic, meting out to those in whom he takes an interest the same stern counsel of perfection on which he moulds his own endeavours. Quick to realise honest perseverance, he is ever ready with a word of encouragement; and should even a partial success be attained, he is most unstintingly generous in congratulation. The better an artist pleases the public, the more he gains Chevalier's admiration; not that it should be inferred that indiscriminately to "please the public" is his ideal for a performer, in whatever branch of art. Far from it; for, man of the world as he is, Chevalier has had ample opportunity of learning that the public needs to be educated in points of taste, and, as it were, be taught to appreciate the best. Nothing so easy as to gain a laugh by a doubtful allusion, a risky joke; but infinitely difficult to compel approval by mere force of good workmanship.

That Nelson Hardy's fun never by any chance degenerates into vulgarity is one

of the many points in its favour; his comic stories really are humorous, and his topical allusions are entirely free from the appearance of having been dragged in by main force; in fact the time which is allotted on the programme to this talented entertainer is distinctly advantageous to the audience.

To see Nelson Hardy at his very best, one should be present at a children's gathering at a private house; for he simply revels in the delight of the little folks at his mysterious ventriloquial sallies; and, feeling that to their grown-up relatives the real merit of the performance is, at such close quarters, more evident than when a platform edge and a row of footlights divides him from his audience, he gives of his generous store without stint.

It is probably due to the excellent habits of voice production

enforced on him by his master, the late Thomas Helmore, when a choir-boy at Canterbury Cathedral, that Mr. Hardy is able to give several ventriloquial entertainments daily, without suffering any of the throat troubles which to the uninitiated would seem the inevitable result of such exacting work.



NELSON HARDY

From Photo by MORA

Naini Tal:

A LAKE IN THE MOUNTAINS

WRITTEN BY EDITH LAWSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



ALL the hill stations in India, one of the prettiest is little Naini Tal, which has grown up, in spite of appalling difficulties, round the most charming natural lake high up in the heart of the mountains. The geological construction of the surrounding hills is so loose, and the consequent landslips have been so devastating, that, at one time, it was thought impossible to keep the station. But owing to the special charm of the place, to its comparatively ready access from the Central Provinces, and to the innate determination and pluck of the English people, Naini Tal has not only lived, but grown with the most extraordinary rapidity in the last thirty years, and is now, as well as a beautiful, a most flourishing little station.

The railway has been brought to within a distance of thirty miles, at a place called Katgodam, from which the ascent is made in two conveyances; first, a Tonga, as far as the road serves for wheels, afterwards in a "Dandy" or carrying chair.

We left Katgodam on the 3rd of June in broiling sun; the plains were by this season unbearable, and packing had been a purgatory.

It was seven o'clock in the morning, but, already, the heat was intense. Several tongas were drawn up outside the station, and one, which had been ordered for us, was promptly pointed out to us by a number of officious natives, much to the annoyance of Ayah, who, as we were two ladies travelling alone, considered us her especial care.

A tonga is a very weird conveyance, a sort of covered cart without springs, with one seat forward beside the driver and two seats back. The back seats are considered the most advantageous, as "you can more easily jump off if the horses go over the khud." This encouraging advice was given us at starting. There are two horses, and the harness is so peculiarly constructed that, when they change, which they do about every five miles, the driver comes round to the back and tips the entire vehicle up by throwing his weight on the foot-board, the horses are then slipped from under the tonga bar. This is a horizontal bar attached to a perfectly rigid pole by an upright iron, and is fastened by clashing rings to the horses' collars. The bar slips up and down on the iron upright with an incessant jangle, and the noise is appalling, as the horses never walk, always going up hill at a fair trot and down at a mad gallop.

I could not help thinking, sympathetically, of Rudyard Kipling's lines:

For my misty meditation, at the second
changing station,
Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the
tuneless jar
Of a Wagner obbligato, scherzo, double-hand
staccato,
Played on either pony's saddle by the
clacking tonga bar—
Played with human speech, I fancied, by the
jigging, jolting bar.

The way is perfectly gorgeous; huge trees on either side, with mountains above and a ravine below. The banks carpeted with ferns and tall grasses, like a gigantic reproduction of some of the

old Devonshire coach roads at home, only, unlike home, these woods are crowded with monkeys—not a very large kind, but of an extremely pretty silver colour. The natives shoot them, as they do a good deal of damage to the fruit and crops, and you can buy beautiful silver-grey skins for a trifle. (One was brought to me, perfectly cured, and the vendor insinuatingly asked me seven rupees, murmuring, "I say no lie price, Miss Sahib!") Finally, he was

here we found our "dandies" awaiting us, with coolies to carry us and our luggage, up the rugged, stony, mountain path.

As we neared the top of the ascent, we were able to look back on the plains we had left this morning, and we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune, as we saw them stretching for miles below us in a faint blue haze of heat mist. The entrance to Naini Tal is through a rather narrow native street,



EMBROIDERY SHOP IN THE BAZAAR

From Photo by E. LAWSON

overjoyed at parting with the skin for two rupees.

The mountain road is excellent, and we were greatly amused at coming upon the substitute for the steam roller employed, in the form of gangs of natives, each furnished with a very primitive sort of pavior's rammer, with which they patiently worked over the whole wide road, bringing it into a state of perfection, if equalled by the steam giant, certainly never excelled. The tonga road ends at a place called the Brewery, about four miles from Naini Tal. And

or "Bazaar." Unsavoury, but very picturesque, it is built almost entirely of wood, one storey high, with verandahs or small balconies running along the front of the houses. The woodwork is turned, and elaborately carved, in rough style, and painted a dark Indian red, a very favourite colour with the native decorator.

The women and children look down upon us from these balconies, the former dressed in full, pleated, light coloured skirts, or, if they are Moham-medan women, in long rucked trousers;



VIEW OF THE LAKE AND BOAT-HOUSES

From Photo by E. LAWSON

but all wearing the *chudda*, of light material and bright colour, wrapped round the head and shoulders.

The children are generally naked, except perhaps for a string of coloured beads round the neck, and very beautiful they are, like little bronze figures gleaming in the sun.

The mothers seem fond of their little ones, and laugh as we notice them, showing rows of beautifully even teeth, but all stained red, with their much-loved betel nut.

The shops on each side are interesting chiefly on account of the native craft they show, especially in rough brass work, models in miniature of many of their primitive cooking utensils, and some skilfully wrought brass and copper boxes, which contain four or five tiny basins and a tray, and are designed for the use of the native women, who use them for storing and mixing a peculiar dainty composed of lime, and betel nut, made into a paste, and spread on fresh green leaves.

This, my ayah assured me, is enough nourishment to support life for days.

Some of the shops show embroideries and cotton and silk fabrics, but a large majority are devoted exclusively to the sale of native food, nuts, fruit, cakes and sweetmeats of all sorts.

The sweetmeat-seller sits in the front of his shop with a pan of steaming sticky compound over a small brazier, solemnly stirring the apparently boiling mixture with his two hands.

At the end of the Bazaar a scene of exquisite loveliness burst upon us, the mountains seem to have rolled away on three sides, forming a huge basin, and there before us lay the Lake. In colour, deepest blue and reseda green, and surrounded by bending willows reflecting their beautiful branches in its perfect transparency. At the upper end of the Lake the boat-houses are built in Swiss style in brown wood, and on looking back we saw the pink of sunset just coming into the sky, and the little white yachts sailing home, and I think I never saw anything more exquisite than that evening.

Naini Tal is a very gay little station,

and boasts a Polo-ground, a fine square by the Lake called "the Flats." Here daily there is a gymkana, or a polo or cricket match, and here everyone flocks as the day gets cooler, and the scene is brilliant with colour, as the ayahs and their little charges in gleaming white, the Jampanni or private Dandy Wallahs all in brightest coloured liveries, the syces with the ponies, and the bright dresses and parasols of the ladies, flank the ground on all sides. After the sport the usual thing is tea at the boat-house and a row on the Lake. The sunsets are always gorgeous; but the pity is, there is no twilight, and after the sun goes down, the croaking of the bull-frogs begins, and you know that in a few minutes darkness will creep on. The hotels, I believe, are all exceptionally good for Indian hotels, but we chose the Grand for its situation close to the Lake. Here every morning some natives would come and spread their wares for sale in the garden or the verandah, the silver Wallah or the silk Wallah, or more interesting, the conjurer or Tamasha Wallah. The first intimation of the approach of the Tamasha Wallah is the steady incessant beating of the tom-tom, which is heard from a great distance, and is about as musical as the noise known in some of the old country villages at home, as "driving the bees," when the neighbours all rush out with pots and pans and beat on them to prevent a swarm from going away.

The Tamasha Wallah's band consists of one man, and how he contrives to make such a stupendous noise is a mystery; he is a very important person, as nothing can be done without his accompaniment. The juggler is scantily clad, a lean muscular man, with a perfectly expressionless face, and a scarlet puggaree. He unrolls a bright red mat, and kneeling upon it, presents a sufficiently attractive picture, with his ac-

companist, dressed in white, squatted on the ground behind him. All the properties are taken out of a surprisingly small coir bag, and spread on the ground; and the performance is really marvellous. The man would achieve the most unexpected feats, such as spinning a succession of circling erections on his teeth, kneeling with his head thrown



TAMASHA WALLAH

From Photo by E. LAWSON

back, and keeping in this position for such a length of time that one felt his neck must snap; his assistant always watched him with the most apprehensive expression, never ceasing the furious banging on his deafening instrument. Such small things as eating swords and threading needles in his mouth were just tossed off by this mahogany-coloured person, and though he did not put a

sword through a native baby, nor make a mango tree grow out of a handful of sand, I was very glad to have had an opportunity of seeing an Indian juggler. The length of the lake is nearly a mile, and the width in some places almost half. There are five or six private racing yachts, moored under the trees, and the

natives, who have a theory that one of them has to be sacrificed yearly by drowning in the lake, as a tribute to their gods.

The foliage at Naini Tal, is extremely luxuriant, the hills on one side of the lake being densely wooded; it is this that gives the place such an



RACING YACHTS ON THE LAKE

From Photo by E. LAWSON

races are a constant source of interest and excitement. I was able to get an instantaneous photograph of two of the little yachts racing home, from the verandah of our hotel. It is not what is understood as a *safe* lake for boating in any form, as the depth is absolutely unknown, and there have, alas, been many fatalities—though chiefly among

unfailing feeling of freshness and "coolth."

The time of "the rains" was just upon us, and sometimes for days together it poured in torrents from morning till evening almost without intermission; but only until evening, for after five o'clock the sun always came out, and the sandy soil dried and drained

in a very short time, and the air, after the rain, was indescribably sweet and refreshing, and one forgot the bewildering noise that had been going on from midnight, of incessant beating, rushing, pelting of waters on roofing of corrugated iron. The natives like the rains; they have a theory that they wash away fevers, and certainly, by their very force they must wash away a great deal of accumulated filth that the native would never clear for himself; for the Bazaar native has not yet mastered the most rudimentary theories of hygiene.

When we descended to the plains a few weeks later, the change in the vege-

tation was wonderful. In the woods and hedges everything seemed to have grown double the size, every tree-trunk was covered with luxuriant ferns, hanging down in huge festoons like lacework of palest green, every path and stone was overgrown with those rare mosses which we cultivate with utmost care in our greenhouses at home. Flowers bloomed in every bank, tiny pink wild primulas, all-coloured anemones, bluest forget-me-nots, and faint-coloured orchids; these few I knew, among masses, of all shapes and colours, that it would take a botanist to name; truly the country looked a very Paradise.



The Cabinet in Town

WRITTEN BY A. WALLIS MYERS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. A. SHIELD



ONE wonders how many ambitious young men there are in London to-day who, on passing by the great Houses at Westminster in which our laws are made, have not, in dream of course, imagined themselves full-blown Members of Parliament, with all the ancient privileges appertaining thereto. The Member for Battersea is said to have confided in a younger brother, on a very distant occasion, his ultimate intention—he was at the time in very precarious circumstances—of gaining Parliamentary honours; and there are many other names, at one time hidden in a bushel of mediocrity, one might mention in the same and justly-to-be-commended connection. But airily as the imagination may glide on in the direction of a cushioned seat in St. Stephen's—a mere M.P., among nearly six hundred of equal *status*—it would be safe to say it very seldom rises to the creative heights of the Cabinet—that potent coterie which constitutionally is but an occasional meeting of Ministers, but which *ipso facto* represents a great council of war, governing the destinies of the Empire.

What a mighty personage the man in the street regards a Cabinet Minister; how he envies him his paramount position, the power and glamour with which it is associated, his wealth and his influence! And yet, one ventures to think, did the average mind actually gauge the vast responsibility, extraordinary tact and organising facul-

ties — not to mention the target a Minister of the Crown affords to captious critics—which his high office essentially entails, he would, like the unfortunate father in "*Vice Versâ*," shrink from the change of station. Members of the Cabinet are selected by the Prime Minister, not so much for the brilliant oratorical or intellectual capabilities they may possess, nor on account of their ancestral lineage, but for the ripe experience, well-balanced mind, and ever-ready will-power, so essential for the control of a great department of the State. Thus it is we find men, occupying the highest posts in the service of the Queen, who are, perhaps to the outside world, slow and pedantic and conservative; but who really are the very persons in the right place. Ministers have their faults; and the temptations must be beyond conception; but, ignoring for the moment policies and programmes, they are—in England at any rate—a very well-behaved band of gentlemen.

When in London a Cabinet Minister may be said to spend most of his time at three places—his town house, his Government office, or the House of Commons, where he has also a private room for his own special benefit. At the first-named, which is invariably situated in the hub of social grandeur, the front-bench man is understood to sleep during the Parliamentary session, and here he must also pose as the high political host and *grand parti*—qualifications which are no sinecure, and which are supposed to safeguard more or less



LORD SALISBURY'S HOUSE, 20, ARLINGTON STREET

directly the united front of his party. Lord Salisbury, who resides at 20, Arlington Street, Piccadilly—the neighbour of Lord Zetland and Sir Humphrey De Trafford—is, perhaps, a striking exception to this rule, for the Marquis, quick to hide his private life under a bushel, entertains very little in town; and, save for his “birthday party,” one or two official dinners and receptions, closes the season in a very retiring manner. The stimulus created by political life finds no outlet for him in the gilded West-end drawing-room, or fashionably-packed ball-room. When the Premier can snatch a brief interval away from the cares of State at the Foreign Office, his steps nearly invariably guide him in the direction of Hatfield, where a chemical laboratory and engineer’s shop, fitted up, it is said, entirely by the Conservative leader, claim his undivided attention temporarily, and where the head of the Cecilis has planned and directed the lighting by electricity of the old mansion in which Queen Elizabeth was a guest.

In thus wishing to “play by himself,” unfettered by the attention of any of his subordinates, Lord Salisbury may be said to resemble, in one of very few respects, Mr. Gladstone, who, though in official dealings accessible and frank, did not feel bound, merely because a man was in his Government, to cultivate intimacy with him when business was over. Probably, says Sir Wemyss Reid, this habit of aloofness in Mr. Gladstone helps to account for the notable fact that Mr. Gladstone left behind him no school of Gladstonian politicians. Gladstone was given to hospitality, and received his guests with “that honest joy which warms more than dinner or wine.” He carried compliance with the tastes of his guests to the extremest point: suffered tobacco (which he loathed) to be smoked in his dining-room, and even, when the Prince of Wales dined with him, went through the form of putting a cigar between his lips. Lord Salisbury, too, is a non-smoker, though, it must be confessed, his bard-like appearance suggests the “churchwarden” pipe more than it does in the case of any of his colleagues.

Mr. Balfour, the First Lord of the Treasury, and Leader of the House of Commons, resides, with his sister as hostess, in the time-honoured and official No. 10, Downing Street. The London Directory reminds us of the fact that he has Lord Raleigh, D.C.L., for a neighbour on one side, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who in his capacity as Chancellor of the Exchequer officially inhabits No. 11, on the other. As Waterloo is immortally linked with Wellington, so is Downing Street associated with the Cabinet. Personally, when visiting this famous *cul-de-sac* for the express purpose of getting a private view of one or other of Her Majesty’s Ministers, I have usually had to be satisfied with the conventional sight of a policeman, who is posted on the pavement to watch for Fenians and bombs, and who spends most of not a very happy time in glancing up at the ungrainy and bleak little houses, wondering why on earth a Government such as ours cannot house its tip-top ministers in more palatial buildings. Really,

Downing Street, but for its historical associations, might be any little side-thoroughfare in a cheap suburb. No wonder Mr. Balfour, who plays golf with that systematic regularity which the city clerk lavishes on Saturday football, is glad to be off to the green swards of St. Andrews or Sandwich.

Mr. Balfour always deserves a holiday. Before he takes his seat in the House at 3.30 the Premier's nephew has accomplished a day's work at the

Stephen's, and Mr. Balfour may frequently be recognised by his thin physique, partially-curved back, and long legs, popping backwards and forwards from one scene of activity to another. It must be a veritable breath from the heavens that the care-worn Cabinet Minister inhales, when he leaves the dingy atmosphere of the Commons behind him, and steps out into the gas-twinkling square of Palace Yard. Even when he is not sitting on the front



MR. BALFOUR'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE,
10, DOWNING STREET

Treasury. He is in his room at an hour in the morning as early as the average City merchant appears at his desk. "Till he goes off," Mr. H. W. Lucy has written, "to the House of Commons, to begin a fresh phase of difficult and delicate work, that will certainly not close before the stroke of twelve, he is grappling with an interminable series of problems, a mistake in dealing with any one being fraught with danger to the Ministry, and possible disaster to the country." It is but a step across the road from Downing Street to St.

bench, heckled by irresponsible questioners, giving forth to the world some great item of policy, or firing off heated shafts in the ferment of debate, the Minister is engaged in his private room at the House, seeing deputations, consulting his colleagues, signing State documents, mollifying a recalcitrant supporter, or giving ten minutes to a "whip." And then, on an off-duty night, a Wednesday or a Saturday, the man whose cares are legion, and whose pay is but £5,000 a year, must entertain lavishly, or must endeavour to drown



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HOUSE, 40, PRINCE'S GARDENS, W.

his sorrows at the house of some political *grand dame*, in company with the best in Belgravia, or at the drama, the private dinner-table, or the club.

Even at these high social assemblies the Cabinet Minister is about as far from external communication as the reader is from the North Pole. A portly Government messenger, carrying the ominous Russia-leather despatch-box, may, and often does, scent his chief into the realms of pleasure, and demand the latter's immediate attention in the service of the State; or a hurried Cabinet Council may be called and Mr. Chancellor, or Mr. President, or Mr. Secretary, it may be listening to some harmless tittle-tattle in the *salon* of a great lady, must scuttle to the Foreign Office as quickly as disturbed mice do for a hole in the floor. Nor is the irrepressible favour-seeker a less frequent cause of interruption. Is it to be wondered at that the heavily-burdened Minister of the Crown flits away from the ball before supper? because he knows by dire experience that this interval is made *the* time for those to get near him, for whom, in some weak moment of the past, he promised to keep a place in his memory. Influence goes a long way in the civil or military service, and perhaps the mothers of "promising sons" are not to be blamed

for thus collecting their dues; but, either by strange fate, or because they lack tact for the nonce, they very often choose the wrong time for "bearding the lion."

It is, perhaps, only natural that, because Mr. Chamberlain is a very avid smoker himself, he should seek the after-office society of lovers of the weed. Hence we find the Colonial Secretary, who keeps the ball rolling with great gusto at 40, Prince's Gardens, Prince's Gate, preferring the company of the Duke of Devonshire or Mr. Chaplin, or even Mr. Goschen to that of Lord Salisbury, or either of his nephews. Mr. Chamberlain probably sleeps less than any other member of the Cabinet at a London house; for, whenever he finds it possible, a Midland express train transports him to Highbury, Birmingham: and it is probable that the friend of merchants, and the "Brummagem" idol, finds himself more at home in his own county. Like the Duke of Devonshire, who has a magnificent town residence in Piccadilly—the famous Devonshire House—Mr. Chamberlain is a clubman; and there is a fable about that both Ministers, having unsatisfactorily concluded an argument as to which was the more powerful factor in the Cabinet, hailed a passing growler at the same time, and, emulating the

example of a certain austere couple in history, entered the vehicle by opposite doors.

His Grace of Devonshire, who probably spends more money in the short time he keeps court at Devonshire House—witness the great fancy dress ball—than does any of his colleagues, likes to move about fairly leisurely in town, and does very little walking beyond what is absolutely necessary. He wears such an indifferent air to the world at large, that it would be perfectly safe to say the glamour of his high position, not to speak of his vast wealth, has quite worn off. The Duke lives out his notable life in a manner which suggests the æsthetic youth who cared not if it snowed the whole year round.

Since the lamented death of his beautiful wife, the Home Secretary has gone out very little in town; and it is quite "on the cards" that Lord Salisbury will give him a peerage when the Conservatives go out of power, and permit of his settling down permanently as a landed nobleman in the North and devoting himself to agriculture, to which he is devotedly attached. Sir

Matthew White Ridley has the German Embassy and Lord Ardilaun for neighbours at No. 10, Carlton-House Terrace; he has only to step across a portion of St. James's Park to reach the door of the Home Office, and is practically next door to the Athenæum, of which he is an old member. Now that his son is well married, Sir Matthew, whose eldest and dearly-beloved daughter died suddenly about four years ago, has nothing which a more ambitious man might stay in harness to obtain. He has an old estate in Northumberland, and lately has rented Cassiobury, near Watford, from the Earl of Essex.

Capacious as Mr. Chaplin's London residence is, he has no large family to fill it, and the President of the Local Government Board, a widower for some years, is consequently "found out" a good deal. Big, robust, genial, a good sportsman and a good *raconteur*, Mr. Chaplin may be said to be the most sought-after Cabinet Minister by hostesses who view too much intellect as a trifle boring. But he gives very good dinner-parties at Stafford House, and is none the less "in request" on that account.



DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S HOUSE, PICCADILLY



THE FATE OF THE HISPANIA.

WRITTEN BY DAGNEY MAJOR

ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET

H I! You there."
"Sir?"
"Tell Mr. Gurrell I want to see him at once."

In a few moments the third mate was standing beside me on the quarter-deck of my brig, the *Sapphire*.

"What do you make of her?" I asked him, pointing to a hulk that lay rolling heavily, about half a league from our lee bow. For answer, he steadied his glass, looked long and earnestly at the hulk, that now rose on the crest of a wave, now swooped down into the hollow. She was lying so low in the water that I could only catch a glimpse of her bulwarks occasionally. Both masts had gone by the board, and the wreckage, yards, and sails which clung around her, showed she had had a rough time. Gurrell still kept his glass fixed earnestly on the stranger. The seamen and every man down to the ship's cook were on deck, straining every eye to

catch a glimpse of her as she rose and fell. The sight of a deserted ship aroused our curiosity, for we had some time since left the ordinary line to which ships kept, and we had been sailing over a solitary sea for five days.

"Well, what do you make of her?" I said again to the mate.

"She's a-goin' to pieces fast, and has been abandoned by every man on board," answered Gurrell, decidedly.

I had come to the same conclusion myself, for not a sign of any living thing could I discern on deck.

"She may go under any moment," continued the mate; "but what beats me, I can't see any sign of a flag or signal of distress. She's derelict, sir—that's what she is, derelict," he jerked out; "but I believe she's an English-built craft," he added, taking another look.

"Let me have the glass," I suggested, taking it from the mate's hand.

The craft was plunging heavily, and

it was with the utmost difficulty that I could get a good view of her deck at all. Her bowsprit remained intact, but the ropes and cordage were wound round in hopeless confusion. Part of her main hatch had been washed away, and her stern had suffered considerable damage; nor could I discern any name on her. It looked to me as if her bows had been knocked about, but at so great a distance it was impossible to say if this were the case. Half of one mast lay right across the fore deck, whilst her main deck was strewn with timber, torn sails, and unspent cable. How long she had been adrift I could not possibly tell, but it must have been some time, judging from her dilapidated appearance. I shut up the glass with a snap, turned to Gurrell and said, "You had better launch the cutter, and take six hands with you. Examine her from stem to stern, and come back as quickly as possible to report your proceedings."

"Lower the cutter," sang out the mate.

There was a general rush forward. All the men were eager to board the stranger, and volunteered their services with that keen appreciation of something novel which offered to relieve the monotonous experience of the last few days. Six hands were soon chosen, and a few minutes later the little boat was heading towards the deserted ship, with Gurrell in the stern-sheets. We were securely anchored, so I went below for a smoke. When I gained the deck an hour later, it was to see our men rowing back to the ship as if for their lives. The oars dipped rhythmically and swiftly. The little boat was flying through the water, and casting the spray right and left before her. Gurrell was at the tiller, urging the men to pull their utmost. Then I discovered there were only five rowers beside the mate. Something had gone wrong.

"Pipe all hands on deck," I roared to the boatswain, "and stand by."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The men soon tumbled on deck, and six were ready to cast the painter when the cutter came alongside. She was still about a quarter of a mile distant, so I fell to pacing up and down, wondering what had happened. Gurrell,

I knew, was a man I could thoroughly trust, and would not return thus unless a serious calamity had overtaken them. In ten minutes the cutter was alongside, and the mate scrambled on deck, followed by two seamen. A few minutes after, the other two appeared, bearing a ghastly burden. They laid it reverently down on the deck. It was the lifeless body of an able seaman, a great favourite with the men, and marked by me as a steady, trustworthy fellow. There was a gaping wound at the throat, through which the blood slowly oozed. They had wrapped his body in a piece of coarse tarpaulin, which was stretched out stiff and rigidly. The sensation caused by this horrible tragedy was profound. The men stood round with white, scared faces, and looked askance at one another. I have seen men look frightened in my time, but have never seen a face which spoke of horror as did the face of Gurrell.

"In God's name, tell me what's happened," I gasped.

"There's devilry on board that ship, sir," muttered the mate; "she's cursed."

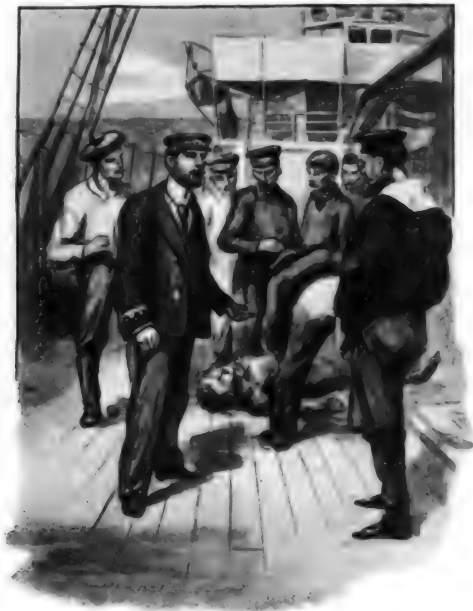
"Aye, aye," assented the men, with a growl, "she's curst, we durstn't go nigh that vessel again—no, not for all the wealth of London."

"We got on board all right," began Gurrell, unsteadily, "and examined the deck. Then we went below. Part of the steps of the companion-way had been hacked down, so we had to jump it. There was a table overturned in the cabin, and the condition of the place generally gave us the impression that it had been subjected to rough usage. 'There's been foul play here,' said Carne to me." ('But who now lies there,' put in the mate, pointing to the lifeless figure lying on the deck). 'Coming aboard this boat, sir, will do us no good,' remarked Carne, after further examination. Then I ordered him to the fore-castle, to investigate there. The remaining five stayed with me. I was about to look for the log, when I heard a cry of terror from the bow, and, hurrying upon deck, saw Carne staggering from the fore-castle with a gaping wound at his throat. Before I could reach him, he had fallen on his face to the deck. He was dead. The men

were so scared that they begged to put off without further delay. This I determined to do, so the cutter was launched with all speed, and we rowed back."

"You did perfectly right, Gurrell," I put in approvingly, "in returning at

took," he began, "and I don't think no good will come of it—but I'm with you, sir." His example was followed by four others, all able and thorough seamen, not wanting in pluck, but in work of this kind the sailor's natural horror of the inexplicable showed itself.



"IN GOD'S NAME, TELL ME WHAT HAS HAPPENED," I GASPED"

once; but we cannot let the matter drop now, it is far too serious. I myself will board this boat. Now, who offers their services?"

For a moment the mate hesitated. Then he came and stood by me.

"It's as eerie a job as ever I under-

A few minutes later we had put a good two hundred yards between us and my ship, which I had left in charge of the boatswain. I had given him strict injunctions that if we did not return within three hours, he was to send the pinnace along with four seamen. Now

I own that the moment I trod the deck of the deserted vessel a wave of curious misgiving came over me. I am not a coward, but there seemed to me to be an atmosphere of ill-omen which shrouded me in mental gloom. I quickly pulled myself together, and, led by Gurrell, made my way to the cabin. It was a room about ten feet by eight, carpeted and oak-panelled. The sea water which had entered had done considerable damage to the floor. The table, as the mate had told me, was overturned, and, indeed, most of the furniture had been ill-used. There was a rank smell of salt water and mustiness pervading the atmosphere. The log was what I wanted to find most of all, and immediately set about doing so with a will. I made my way to what I concluded must have been the captain's cabin. The door was bolted from the inside, and I could not make it yield. Calling Gurrell to my side, and three seamen, we seized a large spar from the deck, and going down to the cabin again were about to use it as a ram to burst open the door. "Now then, men, steady there," I ordered. "One!" I shouted, as we swung the beam to and fro. "Two! All together, *three!*" With a crash the door flew open. But what a sight it was that met our startled gaze! There before us sat a grinning skeleton, the withered flesh clinging to the bones like cracked parchment. The clothes hung in shreds and loose folds, and a tattered hat upon the head, as it grinned at us with open jaws, added to the hideousness of all that was left of a human being. So startled were we at this appalling sight that no one spoke for some moments.

"Didn't I say as this cursed boat 'ud bring us no good," whined Gurrell in a high, cracked voice.

"That's about it," growled the men, who were staring rigidly before them as I turned and faced them.

"Call yourselves men?" I shouted angrily, speaking at Gurrell particularly. "Your mothers would show more pluck than you." This taunt had the desired effect, for I saw them wince.

"The Captain's right," put in the mate, "and I'm a dog darned fool for cutting up queer. Now who'll stick to

the Captain?" The rest of the seamen chorussed their assent.

"That's like British seamen," I called out approvingly; "follow me."

The skeleton sat on a chair with both arms stretched upon a table, and in the right hand was clutched a key. The left hand was doubled up. I gently examined it, but to my surprise found no flesh on the fingers at all, it seemed withered up. "Look," I said to Gurrell, "What does this mean—sharks?"

"Sharks! fiddlestick," exclaimed the mate, contemptuously, "a shark wouldn't nibble like that. That means starvation," he added, with conviction.

"What!"

"Starvation," repeated the mate, "pure and simple. 'Taint the first time I've seen the likes."

"But I don't understand."

"Well, in plain English," went on the mate in an awe-struck tone, "he ate his hand. Went stark, staring mad, heaven help him, and ate his hand. Gospel truth, sir," he continued solemnly, "there's many a poor fellow now lying at the bottom of the sea who has done that afore now."

I shuddered involuntarily, but then continued the search. There was a sextant in the cabin, and other nautical instruments, a few clothes, and an empty bottle or two, but no log. I was about to order the men to carry up the dead body of the captain, for such I concluded he must have been, when my eye again caught sight of the two bottles, one of which was corked. I picked it up and held it to the light. Something white glimmered faint through the green glass. In a moment the bottle was shivered to pieces. I grabbed at a piece of paper which fell out, and the men crowded round in anticipation. The contents I read out aloud, which are word for word from the original, as it lies before me as I write:—

"This is to certify that I, William Gurney, of London, captain of the *Hispania*, will in a few days have been starved to death, being mercilessly locked in my cabin by the mutinous crew, and that my cargo of gold ingots from Adelaide will be divided among my dastardly men. The key in my right hand will open a secret door from

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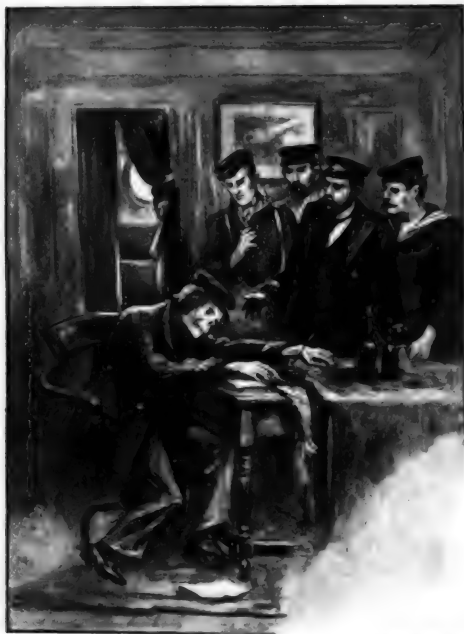
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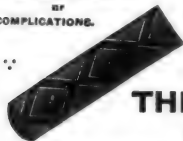
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this cabin to the hold. I have not many more hours to live.

"Signed this sixteenth day of July, 1852, on the *Hispania*; S. lat. 49.6, long. 145.3, by

"CAPTAIN FREDERICK WILLIAM GURNEY."

Here was a revelation indeed. He had been dead only two days. "Well, poor fellow," muttered Gurrell, "he's gone now. Maybe he threw one bottle out at sea, and kept the other in here to explain if he were rescued. The sea has more stories to tell than people think for. I have been a sailor ever since I could walk, and if you will allow me, sir, I think I can throw a little light on the matter."

I readily assented.

"That there man," began the mate, "was captain of this vessel, and was bound for London from Adelaide with a cargo of gold. Maybe he paid off his men when the outward voyage had been completed, the sailors being eager to go to the diggings. On the homeward voyage he had picked a fresh crew, among whom were, no doubt, sailors of the worst order, and, returning from the diggings sick at heart, had embarked on the *Hispania*. You bet they knew what the cargo was. Well, maybe all was plain sailing at first, but one day the sailors cut up nasty, mutinied, if you like, knifed one another, locked the captain in his cabin, and left him to starve, then took as much gold and food in the long boat as she would carry, and made off. She had been struck by a gale just previous to their embarkation, and had lain at the mercy of the wind and sea, a helpless wreck. Two days earlier, sir, and we might have saved the captain," and he looked round at the men, who nodded their approval at his sound common sense.

"All what you say, Gurrell, is quite a probable story, but it may or may not be true. If there be any gold at all, where is it? For my part, I doubt its existence at all."

"It will be down in the lower hold, sir—should be."

"Then, before we look for it, the captain must be buried." I took the key from the right hand, and placed it in

my pocket. We wrapped up the body in a piece of sail, and it was borne on deck. I repeated as much of the Burial Service as I could remember. At a signal the plank was tilted, and the grim parcel despatched into the rolling waters, there to lie until the sea gives up its dead.

"Now," I said, when this solemn service was over, and the men had gathered round for further orders, "you will all follow me to the captain's cabin." I accordingly led the way, and, taking the key, commenced tapping round the walls to see if there was any indication of a trapdoor. Under the bunk was a small piece of carpet nailed to the floor. This I tore away. What was my surprise to see a keyhole let into the planks. I put the key into the lock, which turned quite easily. I opened a trapdoor, which disclosed an aperture just big enough for one man to creep through. All was as dark as pitch below, but there was a ladder which probably led down into the hold.

"Bring me a light," I ordered; "I'm going down."

"Don't you, sir; it's tempting Providence," whispered the mate.

"I tell you I'm going," I replied, quietly; "who is with me?"

Two seamen came forward with a lantern. "We'll go with you, sir."

I took the light and carefully went down the ladder, followed by the men. When I reached the hold, I swung the light aloft so as to get a better view. There was nothing but a few tons of bricks, by way of ballast I supposed. The hold was nearly the whole length of the ship. The three of us examined it from end to end, but at length gave up the search in disgust.

"No gold down here," I said; "the captain was mad when he wrote that on the paper."

We were about to ascend the ladder, when I picked up one of the bricks, resolving to show it to Gurrell, when we heard shouting and a scuffle on deck. I ran up the ladder as fast as I could, and, springing on deck, saw coming towards me at full speed a man, wild and ferocious-looking; madness was plainly written on his face.

"Water!" he gasped; "water!" Then he suddenly turned, and before any of

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"(Signed) **THOMAS BYTHEWAY.**

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us could stop him had plunged desperately into the sea. He never rose again.

"That will explain the death of Carne," cried Gurrell to me. "He came from the fore-castle a few minutes ago, and flew at some of the men, but they overpowered him. The Lord only knows where he's hid himself all the time; but there's no cunning like a mad-man's. He had the strength of five men. Did you find anything in the hold, sir?"

"Bricks, nothing more. See, here is one," and I handed it to him.

The mate took it in his hand. Then he brought out his pocket-knife and began to scrape away the mortar as if for his life. I watched him curiously. Still he scraped on.

"Bricks, yer call it," he said excitedly, "bricks—look there." He pointed out a small hole through which gleamed a bright yellow ore.

"It's gold," I gasped.

"Gold, course it is; the brick's holler."

And as he spoke he gave it a sharp tap with his knife handle, and brought out a small ingot of gold.

"We're rich men," I cried out, scarce knowing what I said in my excitement.

"Three cheers for the *Hispania*," the mate proposed heartily, and the men gave them as only British seamen can. Then we set to work with a will. The deck was soon covered with the bricks brought up from the hold. The men worked like niggers. I reckoned the amount of gold which lay below must have been worth something from sixty to one hundred thousand pounds.

"The pinnace should be coming alongside soon," I said to Gurrell, who was just staggering up from the hold with a huge pile of bricks. He nodded. He was too breathless for words. Even

as I spoke I saw the boat coming towards us.

"Boat ahoy!" I yelled. There was a faint response, and the men bent to their oars with renewed energy. As soon as the men sprang aboard I explained all that had happened.

We immediately set about loading the pinnace, and this being done, myself and four men returned to my ship, Gurrell remaining in charge of the *Hispania*. All that day the cutter and pinnace were plying between the *Sapphire* and the deserted vessel. I know that night the men were served out a double quantity of rum and tobacco, and I and Gurrell yarned far into the night over cigars and whisky. All next day we were hard at it again, loading up. When the last batch had been brought over, I myself returned with Gurrell, with three large casks of gunpowder. I had resolved to blow up the ill-fated *Hispania*, for she was a danger to navigation. We lowered the barrels into the hold and went down. With the assistance of the mate I made a long fuse, attached one end to the biggest barrel, connecting the others with it. When I had lit it I reckoned it would take about an hour to reach the gunpowder, thus giving us ample time to get away. A quarter of an hour later saw me and Gurrell standing on the quarter-deck of the *Sapphire*, with every stitch of canvas set, and watching the ill-fated vessel gradually receding from us. It was quite dark when there came a long, low, rumbling sound. Then a myriad sparks flew high into the air, and pieces of flaring timber went hurtling through space. Though we were almost a mile distant, I could hear the hiss of the flames as they licked the water's edge. Then all was darkness again.



THE RIVIERA.

SUMMER, with its bright blue skies and pleasant atmosphere, is past, and in its place has come the cold, damp weather, so trying to the invalid and others, forcing us to button our overcoats and walk more quickly in the vain endeavour to keep warm. It is not every one who can stand an English winter, and those who can't, and whose purses will allow them, begin to think it is time they were seeking more cheerful climes, there to remain until the rigours of our winter are over, and the heat of summer comes again.

The Riviera is one of the most favoured stopping-places for people who cannot remain in England during the winter, and who do not care to go far from home. It is easily reached, and the invalid, when there, can bask in the sunshine and forget all about the weather he is accustomed to in a winter spent at home.

In the Riviera there are many places where the traveller can pleasantly while away the time, until he gets ready to return in the following spring. Mentone, Nice, and Monte Carlo are all well-known places, where the visitor will find plenty to see and do, numbers of his countrymen forming communities amongst themselves, with plenty of reading matter. Good English clubs are to be found in the places mentioned, and amusements to suit all tastes. The principal hotels have weekly dances, where every one is to be seen, and there are good golf links for those who like outdoor amusements.

Monte Carlo, as every one knows, is the great gambling place of Europe. Nothing is done there of any importance except that, and that it is a most paying business for the proprietors can easily be noted from the lavish decorations which are seen everywhere.

At the tables, one of the most curious crowds to be found in Europe nightly assemble; ladies of princely rank rub shoulders with those of no position, and professional gamblers with gentlemen there from curiosity. However, putting the gambling feature aside, it will well repay a visit, being something so different from what one ever has the chance of seeing at home.

Only a short distance away is Nice, quite a large town, with a number of English residents. It is a gay place, and no one living there can have any excuse for being dull. One of the sights of the town is the Carnival, and a very curious one it is to English people. It takes place every year, and a stranger suddenly transplanted into its midst would think he were amongst an assembly of mad people. Masks and fancy costumes are worn by every one, who amuse themselves by throwing flour and sweets at each other, often ending in a general engagement between large parties of men and women, who for some days give themselves over

entirely to fun and amusement. This, with a grand procession in fancy costumes through the town, and a masked ball in the evening, form some of the principal features of the Carnival as it is to be seen in Nice.

Mentone has the mildest winter of any town in that part of the country, and is a very favourite winter resort for invalids.

Cannes is a very fashionable place, and its society mainly consists of the wealthy aristocratic classes. It is the headquarters for the Yacht Club.

It is difficult to realise, living in England under the bleak sky of an English winter, that only a short distance away, at the same season of the year, people are daily enjoying the grateful warmth of the sun, and spending a great part of their lives in the open air. But it is so; for, except in the early mornings and evenings, it is always pleasantly warm in the sun anywhere in the Riviera.

A splendid climate for invalids, or for those whose chests are not as strong as they might be, if they could only manage to pass their winters there, their lives might be prolonged indefinitely, and a great deal of suffering eliminated from them. It is not as if any great hardships had to be undergone in getting there; any one, however delicate, can easily manage it. The journey takes less than two days, and can be broken at a number of points, should the traveller not feel inclined to go straight through.

Much the best way of buying one's ticket—it saves one so much time and trouble—is to get it through a reliable travelling agency, such as Henry Gaze & Sons, Limited, whose head offices are at 142, Strand, London, W.C., and branches everywhere. They will provide you with a ticket at less cost than you could obtain it by yourself, to any point over any route, and are always pleased to supply you, free of charge, with any information as to routes, prices, best hotels to stop at, and the thousand and odd matters that a traveller requires to know.

The public generally are greatly indebted to Messrs. Henry Gaze & Sons, whose enterprise makes travelling a positive luxury, relieving them from all trouble.



HOW TO DRESS INEXPENSIVELY.

LADIES who like to dress well, but whose means are limited, will find the Ideal Dress Agency, in Victoria Street, of great assistance in enabling them to present a good appearance for the smallest possible outlay.

The Agency's business is the sale of dresses that have been slightly worn, though still in good condition, that for some reason or other—often death—have had to be discarded by their owners.

A commission is charged by the Agency on whatever sum the dress may realise, and a small selling fee in addition.

Quite a number of handsome costumes can always be found on view at the Agency's premises, and prospective buyers will have to be very fastidious if they cannot find something to suit them. Information as to the past history of the dresses can always be given, which is sometimes very useful, if there is any chance of their being recognised. It is surprising to see what good prices are obtained for some of these dresses; in fact, more than one person has been heard to say that they sold for more than their original cost.



HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

SUGAR is consumed in such enormous quantities, and has become so common an article of diet, that we only think of it, if we do so at all, as something to sweeten our tea, coffee, and food with.

Few know that different sugars possess varied degrees of sweetness, and that some are more wholesome than others. Cane sugar is better than that made from beets, and, though costing a little more, is in the long run cheaper, as it is sweeter and goes further in the household. When buying sugar, it is just as well to bear these facts in mind, and, if possible, buy only what is manufactured by a reliable firm. The Glebe Sugar Company, of Greenock, Scotland, and St. George's House, Eastcheap, London, can be relied on to furnish their customers with cane sugar of the purest quality.

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Condy's Fluid is well known in every household for its admirable disinfecting qualities. Some of the minor uses to which it can be put are, perhaps, not so well known. One of the principal of these is the staining of floors; it gives them a dark brown colour, approaching black, which, when polished with beeswax and turpentine, looks very well indeed.

A little of the fluid in a footbath makes a splendid wash for the feet, when they are tired from walking on the hard pavements. A small teaspoonful, mixed with water and swallowed, will often relieve an attack of indigestion. Altogether, Condy's Fluid is a most useful article to keep about the house.

## CYCLISTS.



Now that bicycling has become so popular an amusement amongst women, it will not be out of place to remark that a little more attention given to their costumes would greatly improve their appearance on the wheel. Provided with a suitable costume and holding herself properly, a girl when riding will always look well, and that is more than can be said of a great many we meet nowadays. Before buying a costume you should look in at Hart's, in Conduit Street. They have quite a variety, and are the best I have noticed in my wanderings. They give special attention to the cut, but I need not say more, as you should certainly see them before making your purchase.



ENGLAND is essentially a sporting nation, and even amongst those whose means of livelihood are, to say the least of it, precarious, there is a large percentage who, in the words of Gus Elen's popular song, is always ready to stake its "shelling on a 'orse."

In a higher circle, where a man likes to have a little gamble well within his means, without being rich enough to go directly on to the turf, the difficulty, as I understand, is to find a trustworthy agent on whom he may depend, and invest his money with the knowledge that, if he wins, he will receive his winnings.

In this connection may be mentioned the firm of Messrs. Doughton, Lovyck & Co., of Pall Mall, who have been established for many years.